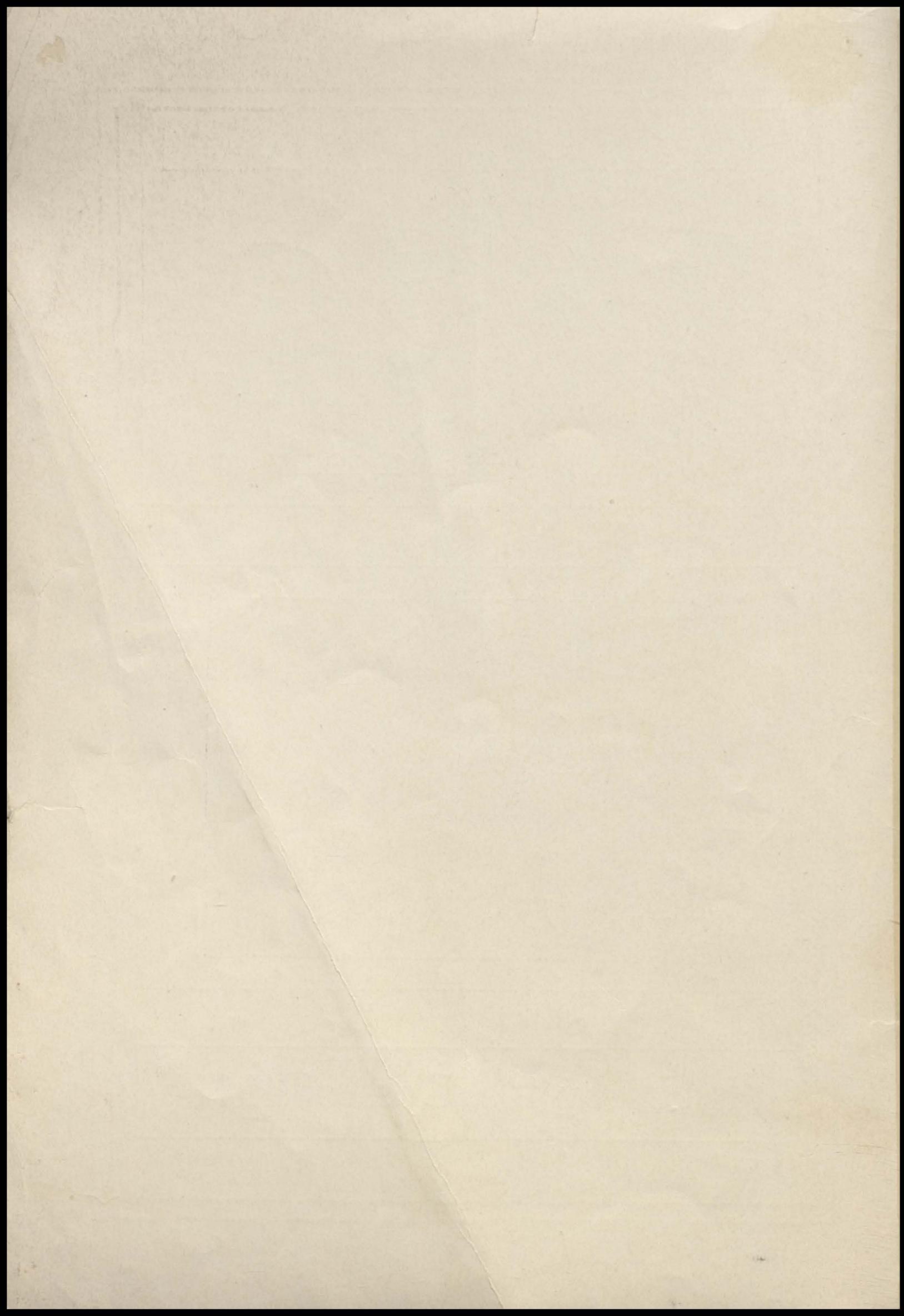


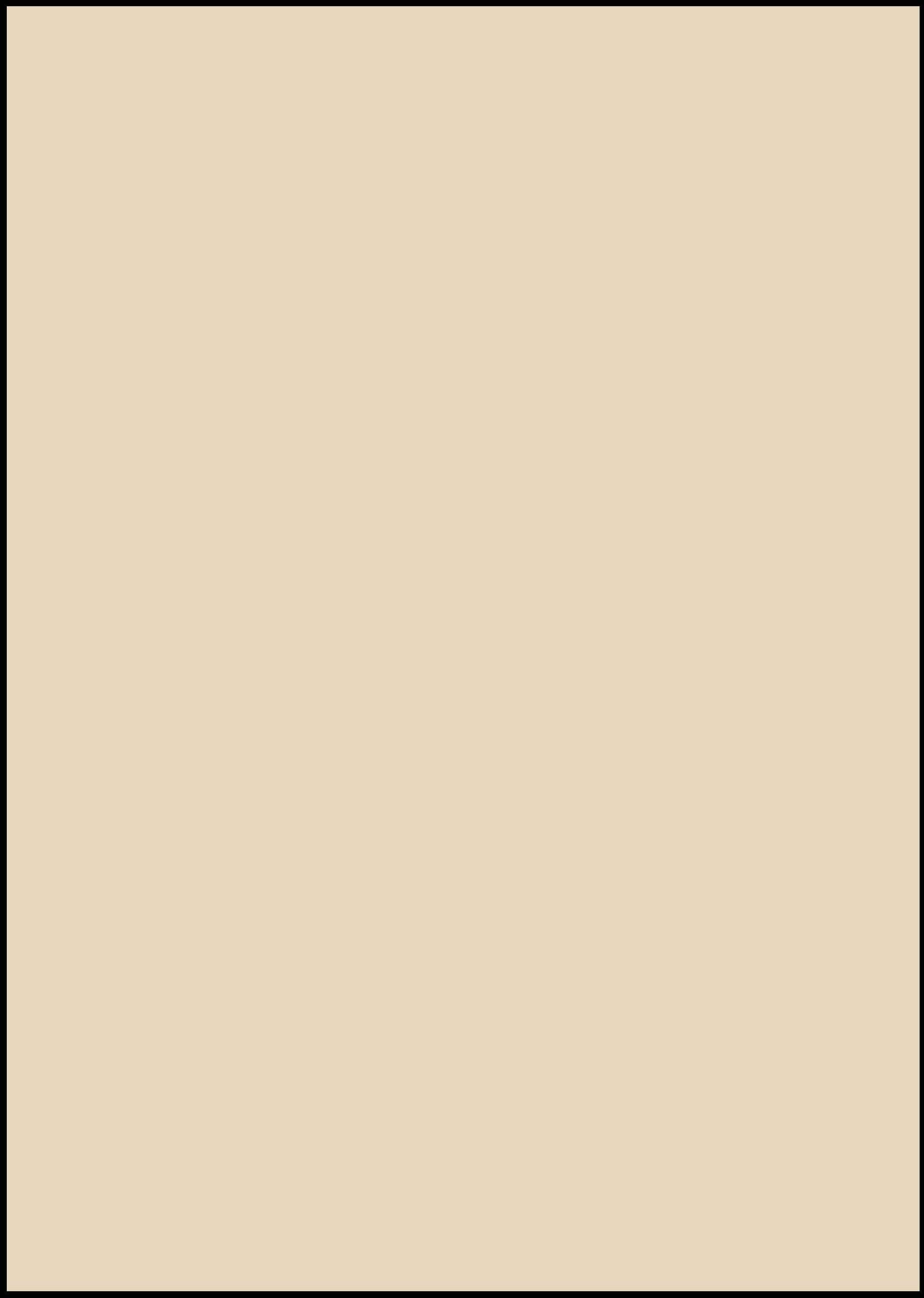
# The Senior Annual

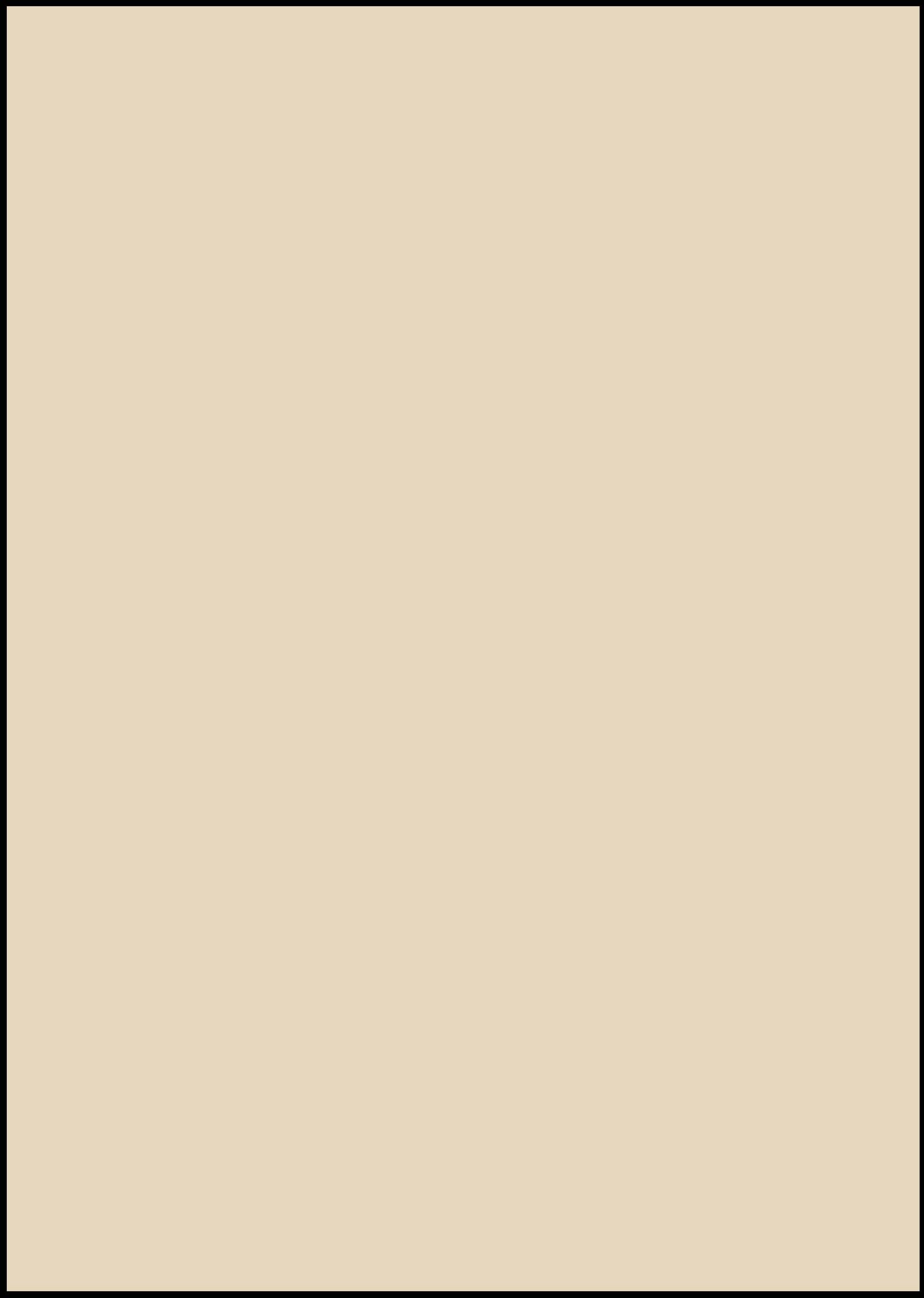
Rome Free Academy



Issued by the Class of 1911







To  
DANIEL J. KELLY  
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
THIS BOOK  
IS DEDICATED  
IN TOKEN OF THE ESTEEM  
OF THE CLASS OF 1911.

EUGENE A. ROWLAND

*President of Board of Education*

DANIEL J. KELLY

*Superintendent of Schools*

---

FACULTY

H. W. HARRIS

*Principal*

MISS FLORENCE E. SEELEY

*English*

D. LEE BAKER

*Science*

MISS JANE S. HIGHAM

*Latin and Greek*

WALTER WHITE

*Mathematics*

MISS GAIL SELMSER

*History*

MISS MAY PHILLIPS

*Public Speaking*

MISS FLORA HOOK

*Biology*

MISS MARGARET FELLOWS

*French and German*

MISS FANNY MOORE

*English*

MISS JANE BIELBY

*Latin and German*

MISS JANE ARMSTRONG

*Algebra*

MISS HELEN BAKER

*Commercial*

*CLASS ROLL*

Abbuhl, Fred	Ludden, Wallace
Agans, Freda	MacFarland, Estelia
Blood, Harriet	McLaughlin, Bessie
Barnard, Dean	Meyers, William
Brainerd, Eleanor	Peake, Pauline
Cogswell, Randall	Pillmore, Roy
Cornish, Stanley	Polzin, Bernard
Crider, Florence	Robinson, George
Curtis, Maynard	Rothmund, Margaret
Dowd, William	Rowland, Elizabeth
Gerwig, Stuart	Schwarz, Gladys
Glesman, Louis	Schwarz, Irma
Gloge, Joseph	Searle, Ruth
Foot, Mary	Servay, Clayton
Golly, Harold	Sinclair, Harry
Graves, Blanche	Smith, Elsie
Grimm, Clifford	Stevens, George
Heilig, William	Sturdevant, Harold
Hyde, Eugene	Sullivan, Joseph
Ingalls, Stewart	Wardwell, John
Jones, Ina	Wardwell, Margaret
Leiderfeind, Nathan	Wiggins, Leslie
Loftus, Irene	Wood, Reba

We sat us down  
To write some prose,  
We had the inclination;  
We thought ourselves  
Too humbly built,  
To make a variation  
From any style  
Already made;  
And so with application,  
We plied ourselves  
To great men's work,  
Hoping by imitation  
Of one and all  
To haply get,  
Some breadth or limitation:  
Long since we took  
This great work up,  
But with co-operation,  
No dozen men,  
By years of work,  
Could reach our aspiration!

—The Staff.

# The Senior Annual

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

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ROME, N. Y.

CLASS DAY

JUNE 20, 1911.

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CLIFFORD L. GRIMM

*Editor-in-Chief*

HARRY SINCLAIR

*Business Manager*

ESTELLA G. MACFARLAND IRMA M. SCHWARZ

STUART L. GERWIG

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## EDITORIAL.

Kind friends of the class of 1911, we most sincerely hope that this publication, our first attempt at editing a paper, will meet your approval. We have not that natural genius which would enable us to publish a paper of unheard of worth, so we therefore beseech you to deal leniently with our initial efforts.

To you, who have given us unreservedly your assistance, we wish to express our sincere thanks, for without your help our feeble efforts would have amounted to naught.

This Annual is intended to chronicle the happenings of our school life during the past year, with a brief resume of former

events; not with any thoughts of furnishing a book whose literary merits would outshine all other efforts in this line, but for the purpose of furnishing to you, our friends, and to the class of 1911 a remembrance of us and our exploits during our sojourn in the Rome Free Academy.

To you whose names appear herein we wish to say a word. The wit which you may or may not find concerning yourself, is meant only to entertain our readers and is not the result of personal feeling. In the future you also may participate in the publishing of an Annual and you will then, as we do now, have only the greatest regard and affection for those whose names appear in this publication.

## R. F. A. KALENDAR 1910-11.

- Sept. 12—We returned to the study hall, "a good warm place in which to sit," and renewed our occupation of "pressing timber."
- Sept. 13—"Lucky day for freshmen!" Every one too busy admiring the new teachers to bother with the "freshies."
- Sept. 16—The more venturesome of the upperclassmen begin to practice foot ball.
- Sept. 20—Great commotion among teachers! "Bess" McLaughlin is anxious to get to work.
- Oct. 1—Busy day. Nothing doing.
- Oct. 5—Miss Searle is much concerned Wid-man.
- Oct. 8—Miss Crider in a dejected state of mind exclaims, "Quis misero mibi denigue restat." (What man now remains for miserable me.)
- Oct. 12—Rome gained a glorious victory in foot ball over Utica.
- Oct. 15—The clock crossed his hands before his face.
- Oct. 20—Wailing and gnashing of teeth Hattie Blood got only 99 per cent in English 4.
- Oct. 24—Panic in school. Gerwig caught studying during the noon hour.
- Oct. 28—Senior Hallowe'en party.
- Nov. 1—Jim and Pauline had their first but not last quarrel.
- Nov. 6—Unusual happening! Townsend walks to school with Mabelle Roberts.
- Nov. 8—Election day. Alfred Gillette studying unusually hard. Do the school authorities advocate child labor?
- Nov. 11—We wonder if congratulation are in order! Sam Wardwell was heard to remark that Miss Jacobu was going to work in a hardware store after graduation.
- Nov. 17—Miss Baker's new dress causes a great sensation among the male members of the Academy.
- Nov. 24—Thanksgiving vacation. Rome again defeats Utica.
- Nov. 29—Edith Cline Ford in a recital.
- Dec. 3—Chance for the male members to become heroes; mice in the waste-paper basket cause panic among the girls.
- Dec. 8—Melva Lattimore is wondering why the boys aren't crazy about her yet.
- Dec. 11—Mr. Harris's monthly lecture on "concentration."
- Dec. 16—The boilers burst and school was closed, to the great joy of the school.
- Dec. 21—Preliminary Slingerland Prize Speaking Contest. "Great old scrap."
- Dec. 24—Christmas vacation to Jan. 3, 1911.
- Dec. 31—Watch-meeting held at 610 N. George street.
- Jan. 3—School reopens. Everybody glad to get back (?????????)
- Jan. 10—Everybody cramming.
- Jan. 16—Exams. begin; everybody in mourning.
- Jan. 25—Plunkett shocked beyond comprehension as, late on this dark night, he views a "touching scene" between Wallace Ludden and Miss Row---. Bad effect on Clarence.
- Feb. 2—Celebration! On account of darkness school was dismissed at 10:30 o'clock.
- Feb. 13—President Bryan of Colgate University spoke to the students.
- Feb. 14—Valentine's day. Hearts flying around.
- Feb. 21—Candy row. Miss Selmser reports disturbance among the Senior girls.

- Feb. 22—Washington crosses the Delaware.  
 Feb. 25—Students take a vacation.  
 March 1—Lent begins. Gloger and Brown draped in mourning.  
 March 8—Elizabeth Rowland went to the doctor's for nerve pills. Don't think she needs any, do you?  
 March 17—Green day. Patriotism shown particularly among the class of 1915.  
 March 24—Slingerland Prize Speaking Contest. Miss Wood, a Kappa Epsilon girl, wins first prize.  
 April 1—?-?-?-?-?  
 April 2—Fox seen at church.  
 April 3—Fox very ill today.  
 April 13—Vacation! Everybody happy.  
 April 18—Theta Phi dance.  
 April 23—Sinclair contemplates moving to Watertown. We wonder why.  
 April 28—Great night. K. E. dance.  
 April 30—Stuart Townsend has a date with Mabelle Roberts.  
 May 1—Mabelle has a date with Stuart.  
 May 2—Stuart has a date with Mabelle.  
 May 11—Girls going to dressmakers; fellows "fishing" out their "glad rags."
- May 12—JUNIOR "PROM."  
 May 13—The morning after the night before.  
 May 20—Mr. Harris forgot the Lord's Prayer in chapel. What will happen next?  
 May 21—Nothing!  
 May 26—"In the prison cell I sit."  
 May 30—Intercollegiate Track Meet. Ask Miss MacFarland about it.  
 June 1—George Conrad finds a girl.  
 June 3—in Virgil class: Miss Bielby announces, "The one I think of oftenest is homoculus" (a little man.) We wish you happiness. Is this the month?  
 June 4—Senior "scraps" begin.  
 June 9—Last Day Exercises. School in tears. Seniors sailing away.  
 June 12-17—'Nough said.  
 June 20—Enough survived examinations to make the largest graduating class in the history of R. F. A.  
 And so endeth the chronicles of the illustrious year nineteen hundred and eleven.

## CONVENTIONALITIES.

WHAT WE SAY  
 Good morning  
 Pleased to meet you  
 I have had a very pleasant evening  
 Isn't he good looking  
 What's your hurry  
 Come again

&amp;

WHAT WE THINK  
 Rainy day  
 Some other time  
 What a slow time  
 I don't like your taste  
 Here's your hat  
 When I'm not at home

Miss Olney—"I would sing only I can't even get a key."

Mr. Baker—"I have twenty science keys on a ring, if they would aid you any."

Isn't Mr. Baker witty.

"Could any one, Peg, come between us?"  
 He asked in accents tender.

"Well," spoke the young brother under the lounge,

"They'd have to be awfully slender."

## ALPHABET.

A—stands for Abbuhl; a "shark" is he,  
But when talking to girls he is really  
"at sea."

B—is for Barnard; a carpenter he,  
For Dean minus "Peg" did you ever  
see?

C—stands for Carroll, who robs the crib,  
As to her own age she just has to fib.

D—is for Dorothy; when you mention her  
"crush"  
If I'm not mistaken "Art" Roberts  
will blush.

E—is for Eleanor, "the best under the  
skies,"  
As Billy Birks says: "If she didn't  
tell lies."

F—stands for Fielding, otherwise "Bone";  
Before meeting Marcella he left girls  
alone.

G—stands for Glesman, a giant is he;  
But isn't he "Fuller" than he used to  
be?

H—stands for Helen; when she's mad  
speak of Sam  
And she'll become as meek, as meek  
as a lamb.

I—is for Irma—to Camden she goes;  
Just speak of the "Fish" there and  
see what she knows.

J—stands for Jack—a very good boy;  
To go to "Girls' Friendly" is his  
greatest joy.

K—is for Kenneth—ask Minnie and see  
What attraction Inman there can pos-  
sibly be.

L—stands for Ludden—Wallace by name,  
Those Senators surely have heard of  
his name.

M—is for Margaret; she'll succeed in col-  
lege

As she goes to the "Dean" to gain all  
her knowledge.

N—stands for Nathan, Lederfeind's the  
rest;

And with smiles from the girls he is  
surely blest.

P—stands for "Polly" and oh!such a crush  
She has on a Senior—why Bessie,  
don't blush.

Q—stands for queer—we are all of us that,  
But think of Mary Louise Foote with  
puffs and a rat.

R—is for Ruth Nock, quite meek they say,  
For doesn't she take "Ayars" every  
day?

S—stands for Stevens—to make him smile  
Just mention Estella—once (?) in a  
while.

T—is for Thalman, a nice little "Sport,"  
With Justina they look like the long  
and the short.

U—stands for united—the High School is  
that  
When it votes upon buying a base ball  
bat.

V—stands for Venus—we only have one  
But a hat on her head gives the Fresh-  
men great fun.

W—is for Wiggins—Vivian's "Son,"  
If you call Leslie that take precaution  
and run.

X—is what the Freshmen work o'er each  
day,  
If they find what a few mean it surely  
will pay.

Z—doesn't stand for a thing I can see,  
So if I leave out this verse—will you  
please pardon me?



THE SENIOR HALLOWE'EN  
PARTY.

The rain was coming down in torrents; the faces of the Seniors were downcast and gloomy. These two facts were enough to warn the other students in the Rome Free Academy that some affair of unusual importance was in danger of being upset by the storm. But where is the usual disturbance? Why aren't groups of Seniors and other groups of Juniors scattered about the study hall and corridors during intermission? Poor Juniors! Their usual Hallowe'en sport has been upset by the crafty Seniors. When plans were set on foot for the annual Hallowe'en party, the Seniors decided to disappoint the lower classmen and do what other Senior classes had failed to do —get the better of them. So when certain inquisitive Juniors approached a Senior whom they hoped to be able to "pump" and

inquired, in a roundabout way, of course, what we expected to do on the last day of October, they were not only surprised but rather disappointed, we imagine, to have their curiosity satisfied in every detail.

They were informed when and where the party was to take place and by what means we intended to reach our destination. Therefore this unusual absence of excitement.

Nevertheless the Seniors looked at one another with despairing shakes of the head or sighed deeply as they passed each other in the halls. It was the twenty-eighth of October and set for the strawride and the prospects of its clearing up were poor.

Still at 6:30 that evening the crowd began to gather in the portico of the Academy. The rain had ceased but each newcomer was seen to be laden with umbrellas and raincoats as well as with lunch baskets.

It was nearly half past seven when the two hay racks drew up in front of the school building. Quickly we all piled in and were soon on our way. We are almost fully convinced that the Juniors had been before us and raked all available stones into the middle of the road. Surely never have we ridden over so many stones and ruts.

In spite of this we reached Union Hall at Verona bout 10 o'clock and proceeded to spend the rest of the evening in dancing. Whether we were or were not successful in this is due entirely to the Rome Free Academy Orchestra. Others who have engaged them on similar occasions will fully appreciate the force of this remark. Their work, however, did not seriously impair the health of any of them, for at about midnight the physical force they had used up in our behalf was restored by the abundant supply brought out from the luch boxes so carefully protected from the storm. Next best to a dinner in the woods tastes the one served by a jolly company of boys and girls after a long ride and several hours of dancing.

After having satisfied our appetites, we started for home at a reasonable hour. We reached Rome much earlier than the Senior parties usually do, fully convinced that as long as the Junior is such an inquisitive being, and, as Benjamin Franklin says, "Three can keep a secret if two of them are dead," open confession is better than attempts at mystery.

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#### SENIOR HONORS.

I.	MISS BLOOD Final Average—93.85
II.	IRMA SCHWARZ Final Average—90.46
III.	MISS ROWLAND Final Average—89.89
IV.	MISS BRAINERD Final Average—87.62
V.	LESLIE WIGGINS Final Average—87.20
VI.	FRED ABBUHL Final Average—85.54.

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#### SENIOR DEBATING CLUB.

In December, 1910, under the supervision of Supt. Kelly, the young men of the Senior Class met in the office of the Superintendent of Schools and organized a club known as the Senior Debating Club. A constitution was adopted and the following officers were elected: President, Clifford Grimm; vice president, Joseph Sullivan; secretary, Stewart Ingalls.

The object of the club was to promote the interest in debating among the Academy students. Every Monday evening the club met in the Superintendent's office and discussed questions of public importance. Early in the spring of 1911 a mock trial

was held. The knowledge gained in this practical way was of great assistance to the participants in their study of the judicial system of the United States.

On the evening of May 1, 1911, the club, represented by Wallace Ludden, Louis Glesman and Clifford Grimm, met in debate a team representing the Utica Free Academy. The question debated was: Resolved, That the United States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people. The Utica team, having the affirmative, were obliged to prove that the present system of election was inefficient. This, in the opinion of the judges, they failed to do and so the debate was awarded to the Rome team.

This debate was the first interscholastic debate ever held in the school between representatives of Rome Free Academy and any other school. Next year the society hopes to have a triangle debate between Rome, Utica and Clinton.

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#### THE GIRLS' LITERARY CLUB.

The Girls' Literary Club was organized in January, 1911, under a broad, simple constitution, with twelve charter members. The membership is by this constitution limited to those young ladies of the Academy who have satisfactorily completed the first three years of the English course. Marion Olney was chosen president, and Eleanor Brainerd secretary and treasurer for the first year.

The work selected was a study of some of the old Miracle and Morality plays, as introducing the regular drama. This was followed by a sketch of the Pre-Elizabethan tragedy and the reading of Marlowe's Dr. Faustus.

As a fitting close for this work the club entertained their friends, June first, in the Academy Hall. Mr. Hitchcock of the Senior class opened the evening's pleasure with

a selection upon his mando-cello. Margaret Wardwell welcomed the guests and Carolyn Biggam gave a sketch of the origin and the presentation of Miracle plays.

Lorena Kropp then read, in condensed form, the Morality play of Everyman. This reading was illustrated by fourteen tablaux, representing Everyman's summons to present his account to Jehovah, his disappointment as friend after friend deserts him in this time of need and his final consolation through the guidance of knowledge and his observance of the various rites of the church.

After an intermission of about ten minutes, Miss Lattimore quieted the conversation by an instrumental solo. Then Lorena Kropp, as Orlando, Sarah Mead, as Rosalind, and Margaret Wardwell, as Celia, gave a delightfully spirited interpretation of the meeting of Rosalind and Orlando in the Forest of Arden, Act III, Scene ii, of *As You Like It*. As farewell, the club sang Ben Jonson's delightful tribute "To Celia."

Although organized so late in the year, the club members feel that they have made a satisfactory beginning and are anticipating much pleasure in the continued study, reading and action from the English drama.

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#### SLINGERLAND PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST.

The eighth Slingerland Prize Speaking Contest was held in the Assembly Hall of the Rome Free Academy on Friday evening, March 24. The hall was filled to its capacity with spectators.

While the audience was gathering Hitchcock's Symphony Orchestra relieved the weariness of waiting for those who had arrived early, and later added a pleasant variety to the program by their well-rendered selections.

As usual the boys were in predominance as participants in the contest, three girls and seven boys taking part: Ina Jones, Bessie

McLaughlin, Reba Wood, Fred Abbuhl, Leslie Wiggins, John Wardwell jr., George Pillmore, George Stevens, Stanley Cornish and W. Eugene Hyde. All the contestants did exceedingly well, which made the awarding of the prizes by the judges, Prof. F. H. Allen of Colgate University, Prof. A. H. Shearer of Hamilton College and Prof. E. L. Meade of Utica Free Academy, a difficult task.

After a short address, Prof. Meade announced the successful contestants who came forward, amid the applause of the audience, to receive their rewards. The first prize of thirty-five dollars was given to Reba F. Wood, who had delivered the "High Tide" by Jean Ingelow, a selection which displayed her excellent voice to great advantage.

The winner of the second prize of fifteen dollars was Stanley G. Cornish, who had delivered "The New Nationalism" by Sorrel.

The third prize of ten dollars was awarded to Ina May Jones. Her selection was entitled "Jerry, the Bobbin Boy," and had been told in a very interesting manner.

It is plainly to be seen that the young ladies literally "ran away" with the prizes. This is the second year in which the girls have come out victorious, Miss Jane Griffith taking first prize last year. Prof. Meade remarked that it was almost impossible to judge the recitations given by the girls by the same standard as the declamations delivered by the boys. Indeed it is almost unfair for both boys and girls to compete for the same prize. It would seem more nearly just to divide the prizes, giving half to the boys and half to the girls. It would be better still if some person, following the example set by the founder of the Slingerland Prize Speaking Contest, would provide a fund for another such prize. Then there could be either two contests, one a boys' and one a girls', or one contest with two first, second and third prizes.

## ON EXAMINATIONS.

Webster's Dictionary states that an examination is the process of finding out how much a person knows about a subject. In the opinion of most school girls, the general feeling is that Webster's Dictionary is mistaken, very much mistaken.

Their opinion is that an examination is the process of finding out how much a person does not know about a subject. To them, strangely, an examination is "a thing of horror to be cursed forever."

To begin with, examinations are so inconsiderate. Any little part that you never really understood, any little question that you always neglected, any portion that you always disliked, appears as a matter of course on the next examination paper.

You come into the class room some bright, sunny morning, filled with the pleasing consciousness of really knowing your lesson for once, to be met with an extraordinary bustle and confusion, people moving wildly to and fro, and blanched faces pouring over books in a last frenzied attempt to learn the whole term's work in one minute.

You catch sight of papers, white papers, and you know you are lost. Then fifty minutes of torture, most of which you spend in wondering why you didn't study in those beautiful days with nothing to do, instead of fooling away your time.

While the teacher is writing the questions on the board a horrible memory of that unmade-up-lesson keeps persistently running through your mind. But you push it away resolutely. Surely, they wouldn't have just that. But even as your eye fearfully glances up and sees it, you know you knew it would be there all the time. You look away for a few moments and hope it will have vanished when you turn, but when you steal a sidelong glance it is still there. It is a nightmare but no dream. You pass on to the next question, and your heart is cheered—you know that. But when you go to write

it you find you don't—it is so elusive, that question, maddeningly elusive. You can see where the answer is in the book, the very page, the very place on the page.

But you can't remember just what the answer itself is. May be it will come back to you, and meanwhile you go on to the next question. And so on, the whole long hour through. You look around at your classmates; they are writing busily. Even that girl who always does so miserably is bent over, absorbed in her work.

After an eternity the bell rings. You hand your paper in promptly. Precious little love for it you have.

The "grinds," you observe in fine scorn, hang on to theirs till the last minute.

A week later, when the white memory has faded from your mind, you enter the classroom to find it again a commotion and bustle. Again the blanched faces, and again you catch sight of papers, white papers, but with additions, blue additions—marks. You sink into your seat with trembling limbs.

If you have done poorly, your paper is generously handed to you folded. The girl across the way smiles at you commiseratingly, and cranes her neck to get sight of the lowness of your mark. And you smile back, and toss your head and say you knew it, and you don't care anyway.

If you have done well, you allow a modest smile to play over your face, and you ask the people around you what they got, so that you can tell them your mark. Your friend in the front row asks how you did, and for answer you hold up your paper with the percent. across the top, so that she, and incidentally all the other girls in the row who care to look, may see.

It's a peculiar thing about examinations that they rob you of all your sympathy, and joy in other people's success.

You come out from an examination filled with the certainty of failure, and turn to Miss B., also just emerged. "Oh! how do you think you did?" and "What did you

think of the exam?" you ask, dying for sympathy. "Oh, I think I got through all right," she answers coolly. "It was awfully easy, don't you think?" "No, I don't" you snap. Now, do you feel any delight in Miss B's success? Not at all. You cherish an unreasoning and undiminished aversion to her ever afterward, and you may even go so far as to tell some one that you "can't stand that girl, she's so conceited." The next girl comes out, falls on your neck and wails, "Oh, I know I failed, wasn't it fearful?" Now you know really in your heart that it wasn't bad, that it was only your lack of study that made you do poorly, but you embrace this one, mingle your tears, and love her forever afterward.

Miss Selmser (to Jack Wardwell in American Hist.)—"Was there more fertile land in the east or in the west, Wardwell?"

Jack (dreamingly)—"There was in the *Westmoreland*."

Reseda before the mirror was prinking,  
Melva beside her sat a' thinking;  
"Do please hurry," Miss Melva sighed,  
"I'm ready," Reseda replied.  
"My shoes are tight, your hair is a sight,  
But then—  
We need not stalk, we shall not walk,  
Why? Because, put out the light,  
*We* are sure of the car tonight!"

Miss Selmser (to Marian Olney)—  
"Who was the first white man?"  
Marian—"Teddy."

When Sarah Mead is desperate what does she say?  
Simply, "Oh Shaw!"

Why do the Schwarz girls frequent Camden?  
Because they like to "Fish and Gamble."

Bessie Mc.—"Who said Reseda was sly?"

Pauline—"I did; why?"

Bessie—"Because you could shorten it and say 'Fox-y.' "

#### *To "Billy" Binks.*

"Billy," she says, and her plea pulls his heart strings,  
"You and no other shall walk at my side;  
You and your six feet will give me much pride."

Shutting his books and requesting an absence,  
White from the toil of an office-bound man,  
Billy set out for a day in the country,  
Hoping to add to his charms a fine tan.

"Prom" time arrived and so, too, the six footer;  
Vivian's dresses were fluffy and pink;  
Red were his cheeks as the roses he sent her,  
Hard was the luck of our Billy we think.  
Gone are his chances of love of fair Vivian;  
Gone are his hopes with her father to speak;  
Gone is his place in the bank of his boyhood,  
But still he retains the bright hue of his cheek.

#### *To Miss Fellows.*

Ah! sweet my lady Margaret,  
Thy brow is one that shows—though yet,  
    'Tis low and white—  
The mind within full store doth hold  
Of fair, fine thought and Learning's gold,  
    And fancies of delight.

Snicker, giggle, giggle, snicker,  
Scrap and fight, fight and bicker,  
So her life ran on each day,  
And still is running, so they say.

Helen Blasier.



## CLASS HISTORY OF 1912.

*President*  
WYLIE MASON

*Vice President*  
BESSIE WATTERS

*Secretary*  
HENRY SMITH

*Treasurer*  
SARAH MEAD

In the fall of 1908 there entered into Rome Free Academy a body of students so totally different from those that had gone before that the minds of some of the paternal Seniors threatened to develop abnormally in contemplation of our future.

Now we are Juniors and are proud to say that our record can be in no way a disappointment to those who had foreseen our success.

Strong minds and strong bodies are things which go to make up great men and women. Truly we are strong both in mind and body.

Never was the honor roll announced without a good representation of the class of 1912, our worthy Mr. Van Alstyne and others making up for those less studious. In athletics we have always shone. With Fox as captain last fall we had one of the best foot ball teams Rome ever had.

While we have always been too busy to give up much time to social events, every one knows that the 1911 Junior Reception was an event long to be remembered.

Our history of success and happiness has been marred by one event, the death of our classmate, Reba Craig. Although to the world her death may be but one in many, to us it means the absence forever of one of the forty-two, all dear to one another, and we feel that no matter what height we may attain as a class it would always have been higher with her helping hand.

Next year will be our Senior year and then comes the climax of all events, our graduation, and then with a steady hand and a well trained mind we will go out with the world to reflect honor on old R. F. A.

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Teacher—"Mention the different zones."  
Pupil—"There are two kinds of zones, the Masculine Zone and the Feminine Zone."

Teacher (astonished)—"Explain yourself."

Pupil—"The Feminine Zones are the Frigid and Torrid; the Masculine Zones are the Temperate and Intemperate."

---

*Walter Shaw to Sarah Meade.*  
"Are they eyes love-lit or do I see  
But mirrored in their depths my love for  
thee?"

---

"Greater men than I may have lived,  
BUT I DOUBT IT."

Harry Hitchcock.

## SENIOR HISTORY.

One oppressive afternoon I sat in the study hall trying to study but the heat was so great that it was impossible, so I began to think about writing the class history. I can't explain what happened but suddenly I saw before me a terrifying sight. An old witch, bent with age, was standing before me. Her fearful countenance caused a shiver to pass through me and I trembled with fear as she beckoned me to follow her. She led me into a large cavern, which suddenly appeared apparently from nowhere. It was a rock-bound cave, bare with the exception of four large cauldrons, which stood in the center. Fierce fires were burning under each and I trembled when she bade me stir the contents of the first.

Immediately a great cloud of smoke bursts forth and in it I see a large diamond-shaped banner of gold and white, with the numbers 1-9-0-7 on it. Then Prof. Barringer passed by at the head of nearly a hundred boys and girls, all in their best and with happy smiles upon their faces. Now I see the Algebra room and a number of my worthy classmates attempting to make V-A by the third method of factoring. Miss Blood, who was valedictorian of the class of 1907 and has also attained that honor again in 1911, is the one who solves the mystery. Now, evidently, is the week following exams. for a large number are laughing for joy, while a few less fortunate pass by with sorrowful faces.

Then suddenly the smoke ceased and I stirred the contents of the second cauldron.

Now I see the class somewhat diminished in numbers, but they have apparently grown in other directions. They look with great disdain at the Freshmen. I see the study hall and all the Sophomores diligently studying in accordance with Professor Harris's laws of concentration. Now the class rooms pass by and I see the Sophomores in recitation, where Miss Blood, Miss Brainerd,

Miss Schwarz of the girls and Abbuhl and Grimm of the boys become recognized as the shining lights of the illustrious class of 1911. Now I see coming toward me a sad sight—one of our members is carried from our sight forever. This event seemed to cast a shadow over the remainder of the year, and the Sophomores applied themselves even more diligently than before until the examinations in June in which they did themselves credit.

With this the smoke disappeared from the second and I stirred the third. Now I see the Junior Class diminished by a third. But they have grown, too, as the girls have discarded the braids and replaced them with puffs and rats (who can tell) and the boys are wearing long trousers. We really have talent in our class when the worthy orators Mr. Wiggins and Mr. Stevens, make their first rhetorical appearances, they hold their audience spellbound by their eloquence. The Juniors are holding their class meeting at which Mr. Stevens preserves order with iron hand, while business is being transacted.

Then there appears before me a wonderful scene—our Junior reception. By the co-operation of the entire class we were able to make it the most brilliant and successful dance held by students in years. But then it is gone!

Now there is passing before me a number of boys in athletic costume—Barnard, Gloger, Curtis, Leiderfeind, Glesman and Heilig pass by in foot ball uniform who helped to defeat U. F. A. for the first time in over six years. Dowd distinguished himself by being the only member of the class of 1911 to win his R at base ball. Although we have little talent in base ball, our class has contributed in a large measure to the victorious foot ball teams of the past two years. Then they pass on out of sight and the smoke suddenly ceased in the third cauldron.

Now I turned to the last cauldron, and waited with great expectations for the events of our last year in the High School.

Here comes the Senior class with just half of its original members—with twenty girls and twenty-seven boys. Although they have decreased in numbers, from all appearances they have increased in worldly wisdom to make up for the other half.

Following this comes the Senior Hal-low'e'en party, held in Union Hall at Ve-rona. Judging from all appearances, I should say that everybody enjoyed the dancing and the cider and apples very much. They also enjoyed the sensation of having the front wheel come off the hayrack between Rome and the Custodial, at 2 o'clock in the morning with the thermometer at 32 degrees.

Now the Slingerland Prize Speaking Con-test appears at which Mis Wood, Mr. Cor-nish and Miss Jones carried off the honors, much to everybody's satisfaction. After this appears the Junior reception given by the class of 1912 to the Seniors. Although more successful financially than ours, we as-sure you that ours was by far the most suc-cessful socially.

Now the close of the year is nearing, and I see numerous class meetings for the pre-pa ration of the graduation exercises.

Now Decoration day passes by and I see President Stevens, in behalf of the class of 1911, presenting a beautiful bas-relief of Emanuel Leutze's "Washington Crossing the Delaware."

Now the last day of school appears and the Seniors are embarking in a mighty ship upon the sea of Life, much to the amuse-ment of the under classmen and faculty. Now comes class day and each member of the class waits breathlessly to hear his or her fate told by the prophet.

Lastly I see the Commencement Exer-cises and the Class of 1911 has at last set out on its journey of Life. Suddenly the smoke ceased and I heard a great shouting. I turned to where the old hag had stood and see to my amazement that she had turned

into a man with a black pompadour, who was shouting in my ear that the study hall of the Rome Free Academy was no place in which to take a nap!

---

Q—"How many will Jack's car hold?"  
A—"Not one Olney but a Lot(ti) more."

---

Lorena (Kropp) had a little rat,  
She put it in her hair,  
And everywhere Lorena went,  
It peeked out here and there.

---

The Freshman stands, his mouth agape,  
Looking like a wondering ape;  
We surmise why—a Senior tal-i  
Is gravely passing down the hall,  
That is all.

---

Oh, the meanness of a Junior when he's mean,

Oh, the leanness of a Senior when he's lean,  
But the meanness of the meanest  
And the leanness of the leanest  
Are not in it with the greenness of a Freshman when he's green.  
Three cheers for

Margaret Kessinger  
"Polly" Ethridge  
Julia Barnard  
Gladys Mason

Signed  
Harold Doyle  
Gerard Hubbard  
Olney Bailey

---

Miss Selmsen talks about Hoxie's Civics.  
The members of the history class feel as if they had the croup.

"Do you know what an oath is?" asked Miss Selmsen in American History class.

"Yes," answered Jack Wardwell, "when a man swears to a lie he's got to stick to it."

## THE JUNIOR RECEPTION.

The annual reception given by the Juniors to the Seniors of the Rome Free Academy took place on Friday evening, May the twelfth, at Seegar's Dancing Academy. The Juniors, this year, proved themselves to be a very influential class; at least they managed to have what many other classes failed to obtain, pleasant weather. It was an ideal evening for such a party.

The Juniors and their guests gathered in the dance hall at nine o'clock when the reception opened with music furnished by Yordon's Elite Orchestra. The hall was well filled with merry dancers. The feminine portion of the crowd displayed the usual variety of pretty gowns. Until about twelve o'clock the balcony was well filled with spectators but they departed when the throng of young people left the hall for Tunbridge's for refreshments after their evening of exertion. From there the giddy throng returned to the hall and the dancing continued until half past two, when all hurried to their cabs—and home.

Every class in the Academy should congratulate the Juniors for the successful management of the affair. Last year's class was the first in years to carry the dance through without a deficit. So the Seniors can appreciate, more than the other classes, what it means to clear twenty-seven dollars.

In all respects the Junior Reception was a decided success. The Seniors extend their hearty thanks to the Junior Class for their efforts to give the departing class a good time and assure them that they fully succeeded in doing so.

A SENIOR OF 1911.

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"Don't you think I'm pretty?"

Melva Lattimore.

---

Joe Gloger and "Joe" Rowland can tell you that it is dangerous to stand in the halls and talk.

## A VIVID PICTURE OF MY JUNIOR YEAR.

I know that usually Memory is kind, wiping out all the bitter experiences and leaving us with a clear and smiling picture of the Past. But there are a few scenes that are never to be forgotten, although Memory tries her best to erase their traces with her gentle fingers. Sometimes she succeeds but usually she but softens the deep tracks that are found deep down in our hearts. These are the very things that serve us best—for by them we learn lessons—and "there is no teacher like experience."

The English History class on ordinary days was a mass of wriggling, noisy students, the uproar being broken only by an exceptionally interesting recitation or a sharp rap on the desk by the teacher. Even then it was only a brief space of time before the giggling and wriggling began again and of all the noisy pupils I was the noisiest and least well-behaved. The front seat had fallen to my lot as front seats always have managed to and there I would sit "turning myself inside out and back again" in order that I might not miss a single thing which was going on behind me.

But when visitors came—what a change! Five rows filled with smiling, intelligent pupils greeted the stranger's eye. Even I managed to keep my attention toward that ordinarily despised front of the room and to give the appearance of at least a passing interest in the lesson. Then the teacher would call upon the "smart" ones of all her *model* pupils—each would arise, and with an air of wisdom give forth their knowledge of history. How I envied them—for to me was never given the chance to "show off." The teacher knew too well the extent of my knowledge of the subject.

However, I had, as the happy-go-lucky Juniors always do, a firm idea that I could "cram" up at the end of the year and pass the examinations with flying colors.

Then came June—it was through the teacher's leniency and a little forerunning attack of "cramming" that I was allowed to enter the finals. But this did not daunt me—oh no! How firm are our convictions of our own powers!

School closed and with it came a few days in which I could fill my head with history before the dreaded "exams."

After that each morning found me in the most remote, dustiest, dirtiest corner of the attic seated on a box in the most uncomfortable position possible (as I had the provoking habit of falling asleep whenever my muscles relaxed to the slightest degree.)

The rising sun peeking in through the open window threw its pale rays upon a bent head, rolled up sleeves and a large book. The noonday sun glared boldly upon a dusty figure, tumbled hair and heaped up papers—the setting sun, being of a kinder disposition and worn out itself by its long journey across the sky, let gentle, softening rays fall upon a huddled form, flat upon the floor—with the ever-present English History, half visible, under the curled up feet of the sleeping "crammer."

After three such days I emerged—tired but triumphant—and blissfully happy in the fact that I knew the English History book by heart. Then I went to school and took my place in the study hall.

The seats in the front of the room were filled with pale, frightened pupils while others paced restlessly back and forth in the aisles. When the bell rang for the papers to be distributed, sighs began to issue from all sides of the room as the students saw the questions. I read my paper over—sigh, not I—why the paper was easy!

Two hours later the room still maintained an aspect of profound silence—heads were bent low over the desks; and arms, which ached with writing, still scribbled on determinedly. In spite of the studious atmosphere about me I raised my hand, gave up my paper to the teacher and left the

building at this ultro-early hour—very confident that I had done myself credit.

The next morning I went to the school early, hoping to hear my mark from the teacher of that class. I found her in her room.

"Have you marked the papers?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"How much did I get?" I inquired—not deigning to ask humbly if *I had passed*.

"Fifty-three," came the answer.

For a moment I could not believe my ears. Then I knew it was true and there came to me the memory of a story I had once heard:

A man had been instructed to build a boat, while his master was away. All through the summer days the man fished in the seas and talked to the maids upon the beach or lay upon the sands and dreamed. And then one day he heard that his master was returning. For three days and nights he worked hard and feverishly at the building of the boat and when the master arrived the boat was finished. Then they put it out to sea, but it would not sail and when a wave arose and beat against it it sank—for it was poorly built.

And the master said: "Thou must do this work over and do it well. Thou can't never build a boat strong and steady except by steady labor."

I did not know then why the story came to me—but now I understand. If we are to succeed we must do each day's duty in its appointed time, and then I will also add for the benefit of other Juniors—

#### DO NOT CRAM.

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#### WHAT IF

Clayton Servey should get a girl?

Bessie McLaughlin should keep quiet for five minutes?

Hattie Blood should smile at any fellow?

Plunkett should stop bragging?

Dorothy Bouton should stop caring for "Art"?

*"DEAR ETHEL."*

Dear Ethel:

Your photograph came in the morning's mail and I want to sit right down and thank you while I have lots of time and before I forget it. My dear, isn't it fine, though! I should think you would be so pleased, for generally yours aren't good at all, do you think so? But don't they nowadays take fine pictures? You know the woman who is taking our class-book pictures? The photographer says she can take a good-looking picture of the homeliest kind of a person if they have a good-looking dress on. She makes the picture so dark and sort of indistinct that you really can't tell what they look like. You really ought to try her. She told me that I had a splendid face to photograph, it was so reposeful looking, and my negative didn't even have to be retouched.

Oh, my dear, I want to tell you a joke about your picture. You remember you wrote me in the same mail, and so the letter and picture got here at the same time. As the picture had no return address I opened it first, as I was sure it was something nice from Ned. Well, I just couldn't guess who it was. I thought over every good-looking girl I knew and had finally decided on Katherine Moody, you know what a beauty she is. I finally decided to read your letter, as there seemed to be no more to be gleaned from the picture, and imagine my surprise when your letter said you were sending a photo by the same mail. Well, of course after I knew who it was I could see resemblances. But wasn't that a joke!

Well, I really must close now, as you know what a bore writing is for me, and besides I have to study for a written-in page. Do write me again soon and tell me all the news about your dear self, a good long one. I know you like to write on and forever. Well, good-bye, dear. I am certainly proud of your picture!

With love,

Grace.

Teacher (to pupil)—"Do you know what becomes of foolishness?"

Pupil—"Oh, they become Sophomores."

Beware!—Men—BEWARE.

Harriet Blood.

"Gee, I can't talk."

Tremain Hughes.

Women's faults are many  
But men have only two  
Everything they say and everything they do.

These two hated with a hate  
found only on the stage.

Jack Wardwell and "Teddy" White.

Hath any man seen him at the barber's?  
"Doc." Pillmore.

Grin, grin—it is no sin.

Louis Glesman.

"What makes Irene Schwarz so quiet?"  
"Mum's the word. Remember she's a Mason."

"Yes, Estella is quite fond of literature.  
At present she's absorbed in Steven's son (Stevenson)."

Byron (Fox), dreamily—"Well, I suppose I shall have to be Rese(d)ated and wait a Lot(t)imore time for this rehearsal to be over."

Be careful Minnie; Miss Seely also seems to take quite an interest In-man.

Miss Olney stumbled over the footlight wires when they were being arranged for the Literary Club Entertainment.

Mr. Baker—"Don't think because this is for the footlights that it is made for the feet."



### HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1913.

*President*

TREMAIN HUGHES

*Secretary*

LYNDON STROUGH

*Treasurer*

BEATRICE BARNARD

With the permission and attention of my readers I will endeavor to give you a short history of our remarkable class of 1913.

On the 24th of June, 1909, our class graduated from the Court Street School and held its exercises in the study hall of the Rome Free Academy. At these exercises the class was represented by Ellsworth Mack, Louise Rayland, Ruth Nock, Tremain Hughes and Blanche Dillingham. Their endeavors were received with great applause by the audience. The exercises closed with a song sung by the class after which Dr. A. A. Gillette made a short speech and presented the diplomas. At the close of the exercises the class had its picture taken, with the banner of blue and gold in the center and every one wearing his colors in plain view.

At the beginning of the fall term we came into the study hall in a crowd and took seats together. For the first week or two we were very shy of the coveted Seniors, who looked condescendingly upon the "children," but we soon became used to our new position and gradually grew bolder.

Just before winter came Mr. Harris announced that the class of 1913 was to go to the new Liberty Street School to elect officers. In the meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

*President*

TREMAIN HUGHES

*Vice President*

BRADLEY BARNARD

*Secretary*

LOUISE RAYLAND

*Treasurer*

STEWART TOWNSEND

In about two weeks an announcement was made that there would be a meeting of the class of 1913 in room twenty-three by order of the President. When this was announced, the Seniors and Juniors applauded and Mr. Harris was forced to smile.

In January, 1910, we tried our first High School examinations with good success. The next term went on smoothly until the June "exams." when a few of our number "flunked" Algebra.

At the graduating exercises of the Seniors in June, 1910, our President gave a farewell address to the Seniors. The entire class was justly proud of his successful effort. At the beginning of our sophomore year new officers were elected, whose names you have seen at the beginning of this history.

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Wanted—A manicurist. Apply to Stuart Gerwig during chapel exercises.

**THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.**

One of the pleasing and practical features of the school work last year was the Girls' Glee Club. The organization resumed its work at the beginning of the school year with about thirty members. The following officers were elected soon after school opened in the fall: President, Reba Wood; vice president, Sara Meade; secretary, Josephine Rowland; treasurer, Gladys Schwarz; manager, Elizabeth Rowland; librarian, Margaret Rothmund. As last year, Miss Gertrude Nourse, Supervisor of Music in the schools, had the work in charge. The regular meetings have been held every Wednesday after school in the Academy.

The work this year has consisted mainly of work for the cantata which was recently given in Haselton Hall. Under the direction of Miss Nourse the members of the Glee Club presented a very excellent entertainment, the Japanese Festival, the first of a series of numbers in the May Festival.

A brief outline of the operetta follows:

Two American girls, traveling with their governess in Japan, find their way into the Royal Garden. They are discovered by the attendants of the Princess. The attendants are rather incensed by their intrusion. They surround the sleeping governess who awakens in a terrible fright. She addresses her captors in English, French, German and Italian but they assume ignorance of all these. Soon the Princess arrives and explains that her followers understand English but are merely playing a joke on the intruders. She invites the Americans to remain with her during the Festival which is to be held during the evening. The girls are only too delighted to accept the invitation. Ten different features of the Festival were presented upon the stage. One feature of the Festival was a Japanese drill, which closed the evening's festivities.

The cantata was a decided success musically as well as financially. The hall was

well filled with spectators who were well pleased with the entertainment.

The students as a whole should be ready to encourage and assist the girls in the management of their enterprise, for the work of an entire year has been to raise money to purchase music books to be used in the chapel exercises.

More students ought to avail themselves of this opportunity of training in chorus, as well as solo work in music. Several members of the club will graduate this June and unless there are some who will step into their places the work can not be continued next year.

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**ADS.**

**INFORMATION WANTED** — As to how we are to get a good-looking Commencement gown out of one dollar. Apply to Senior Girls.

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**LOST**—Our reason. The finder will please return it as it is not worth keeping. The Freshman Class.

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**LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN**—From my desk, a little green book entitled Hints on Flirtation. Finder will please return same to Alice Carroll, "but keep it dark."

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**WANTED**—Some brains. Fred Jones.

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**WANTED**—A girl for general company-keeping. Experienced one desired. Must have references. Apply to William Binks.

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**LOST**—Somewhere in the Academy a note from one of my suitors. Finder please return same to Margaret Wardwell and receive liberal reward, as it is much needed in a breach of promise suit.

*THE REBELLION OF BILLY.*

"Billy, Billy, Billy!"

Billy turned over sleepily, and settled down again with a little sigh of content.

"Billy Morrison!"

"What, Mother?" he answered crossly. Why couldn't she leave him alone!

"It's time you were getting up, son, it's after seven already."

Billy sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes sleepily. What was the use, anyhow, when—Oh! Oh! he had forgotten.

With a squeal of delight he bounded out of bed and hastened to the window. The bright sunlight flashed in his face as he pushed up the curtain. It was a wonderful spring morning. "Gee, but it's a corking day for the game," he exclaimed excitedly.

Then suddenly he remembered. There would be no game for him today, for hadn't it been announced only last night that the game was to begin at two instead of four? And how was he to attend a foot ball game and school at the same time?

Billy gazed rebelliously out of the window. A wee, feathered songster alighted on the ledge without and wished him a polite good morning.

"Shut up," the boy replied.

The frown on his small brow was becoming more and more ominous. If it had not been for his pug-nose, his expression would really have been quite impressive. Hark! Was that mother's step upon the stair? He listened breathlessly a moment, then swiftly, stealthily crept back into bed, a look of determination deepening in his eyes.

"Why, Billy Morrison, not out of bed yet?" Mother's voice expressed vexation and grieved surprise. "What are you thinking of?"

Billy fixed his gaze steadfastly on a picture which hung on the opposite wall. A picture of a young man in a foot ball suit. It was hard to lie to mother. "I—I don't feel very well this morning," he faltered.

"I guess maybe I've caught the—the small pox!"

"Not feeling well, dear?" Mother bent over him lovingly and laid her cool hand on his forehead. He looked hard at the man on the opposite wall and took care not to look at mother.

"Where do you feel badly, Billy, dear?"

"Why—why." Where under the sun did he feel badly? He hadn't thought of that before. "Why, I've got an awful headache, and—and my legs ache, and my throat is sore, too." Billy looked up at Mother and then looked away again hastily. She did look so sympathetic.

"I'm very sorry, dear. You just stay in bed a little while this morning and I'll telephone Dr. Bennett to come over and look at you."

"Oh, no—no. I don't need any doctor, Mother."

Billy sat up so suddenly that he almost bumped heads with her. "You see," he added lamely, "I think I'll feel better bye-and-bye, about one or two o'clock, maybe and—and then, doctors are so expensive, Mother," he finished hastily. "And I guess 'tisn't small pox, anyway."

"Well, no," admitted Mother, smiling. "I guess it isn't small pox, but still, I think we can afford a doctor, son."

She kissed him gently and left the room. Presently he heard her sending in a call for the doctor. With an exclamation which would have shocked his mother, he threw himself back among his pillows and decided to await further developments. Now and then tantalizing odors floated up to him from regions below.

He was sure that he could smell fresh doughnuts and chops. Why didn't mother bring him some breakfast? He watched the big hand come after the little hand on the face of the clock for nearly twenty minutes—it seemed hours to him. And then he heard his mother coming. He sat up in bed expectantly. My, but he was hungry!

Mother appeared in the doorway carrying a tray. He smiled joyfully as she placed before him a plate of—milk toast! Was ever mortal so insulted! To be offered milk toast when one could smell all sorts of good things down stairs! He protested and suggested doughnuts or chops as more palatable.

"Oh, but sick people can't eat such indigestible things," explained mother.

Well, so be it. When it comes to a choice between school and no foot ball game and milk toast with a foot ball game, milk toast has to be endured.

Mother waited while he ate, then disappeared with the tray, and he was left to his own devices.

He heard the merry talk and laughter of his companions as they went by to school, and grinned delightedly at the foot ball man. Then he heard wheels stopping before the house and knew that Dr. Bennett had arrived.

The doctor was a shrewd but kindly old gentleman, who had known Billy since the days of his infancy, and Billy had misgivings as to his ability to fool the doctor.

Presently the doctor came into the room, beaming genially and chuckling over something mother had said.

"Small pox, eh, sonny?" and he chuckled again at the boy's discomfiture. Sitting down at the bedside the doctor proceeded to look the boy over carefully. Then he gazed at him quizzically over his spectacles for several seconds. Billy wiggled uncomfortably and gazed at the ceiling.

Then he summoned all his courage. "Do—do you think it's very serious, doctor?" he faltered.

"Well, not so very, sonny. I guess we can fix you up all right in a day or two. Too bad to miss school, though. S'pose you're feeling pretty bad about that, eh?"

"Oh—yes," agreed the boy. He did wish the doctor's eyes would stop twinkling.

"Well, good-bye, sonny. Oh, by the

way, they say Brockton is sure of winning the game this afternoon."

Billy started up, but he was gone and mother with him. And Billy wondered if he knew.

Mother returned very soon, bearing a glass in each hand. "You are to take these alternately every half-hour, Billy," she said, "and I think we'd better begin right away." She dipped out a spoonful of dark liquid and held it ready. Billy opened his mouth to protest and she poured it in. Oh, such bitter medicine. Billy made a great fuss about it, but it failed to make any impression upon mother.

The morning passed slowly by. He had to submit to a dose of medicine every half hour. At eleven-thirty he calmly declined the proffered liquid, saying that he felt quite well now, and guessed he would get up directly after dinner.

"William, take this medicine!" commanded mother. Billy took it.

"But can't I get up, mother?"

"No, son."

Dinner time came. Billy pleaded for beefsteak, mashed potatoes and mince pie, and was given—milk toast. He wouldn't have believed it of his mother. At 1 o'clock he again signified his intention of arising. He pleaded, stormed, argued and sulked, all to no end. And at last mother used her "William" tone again. When mother used her "William" tone it was time for boys to "sit up and take notice."

As the hour of two approached Billy heard the voices of many people as they passed the house on their way to the game. Oh, it was too cruel! He could have wept. Yes, he would have wept if his hero had not been looking down at him from the opposite wall. He kicked and tossed until the bed resembled a miniature foot ball field after a rough scrimmage.

Mother tried her best to amuse him. She read tales of adventure, ball games, Indians—in fact, of every kind which usually de-

light a boy's heart. But he refused to be interested. At intervals echoes of far-away cheers were wafted to him. At last these died out and all was still. The game must be over. The people would be returning soon and he could find out the result of the contest.

Suddenly, in the midst of a thrilling tale, "Mother!" he cried, tragedy written in every feature, "Mother, was this the day of the teachers' convention?"

"Yes, Billy."

"And wasn't there any school today?"

"No, Billy."

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#### RECITAL BY EDITH CLINE FORD.

On the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 30, the students of the Academy presented Miss Edith Cline Ford, President of the Ford School of Expression, New York City, in an evening of readings. The affair was one of the most enjoyable of the year, and the students were fortunate in securing the services of so talented an entertainer. However, Miss Ford's program is sufficient evidence that her versatility places her above the plane of the mere "entertainer." She is an artist, equally at home in the rendering of Poe's "The Raven," the difficult impersonation in "He Knew Lincoln" and the broad humor of "Mandy's Organ."

The program is herewith given showing the musical numbers by students of the Academy, which were a pleasing feature of the evening.

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#### PROGRAM.

*Instrumental Trio*—Monstrat Viam,  
Rolfe

MESSRS. HITCHCOCK, TURNEY  
AND WILSON

Rebecca's Journey...*Kate Douglas Wiggin*  
My Kittens.....*Olive Stevens Brown*  
*Piano Solo*—*Tancred Overture,*

G. Rossini

MISS ROTHMUND

Lincoln, the Man of the People,

Edwin Markham

He Knew Lincoln.....*Ida Tarbell*

*Violin Solo*—*Mazurka*.....*Chopin*

MISS ROWLAND

The Village Pessimist...*Edith Cline Ford*

The Raven.....*Edgar Allan Poe*

*Mando-Cello Solo*—*Traumerei,*

Schumann

MR. HITCHCOCK

Mandy's Organ.....*Ella Higginson*

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Extract from one of Wallace Ludden's compositions in English 4:

"I met a girl for whom I developed quite a liking. This girl spoke nearly faultless English and of course my ambition was to equal her if possible and I have worked for that end."

Congratulations Miss Rowland. We hope you succeed in keeping his ambitions up to such a HIGH standard.

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"Do you think that I'M a fool?" asked Ludden of Grimm.

"Really," replied Grimm, "I would not have ventured the assertion but now that you ask my opinion, I must say that I am not prepared to deny it."

---

"Let kingdoms fall and monarchs die,  
I shall be happy all the while,  
My lady's eyes my kingdoms are,  
My only monarch is her smile."

—Stuart Townsend to Mabel Roberts.

---

"I do not wish as many do  
To make myself a mighty name,  
If in my lady's ears 'tis sweet,  
I am contented with its fame."

—Jim Brown to "Polly" Caswell.



### HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1914.

*President*

LESLIE FAULDS

*Vice President*

MARGARET E. GROGAN

*Secretary and Treasurer*

RHODA THALMAN

With the streaming colors of green and white the class of 1914 held its Grammar School graduation exercises in the Academy Assembly Hall on June 23, 1910. Twenty-eight out of one hundred and two members received a standing of ninety per cent. or more.

Upon entering the Academy all of the members were treated with much respect by the upperclassmen. The majority of the class took up the new studies in a brighter spirit than ever before. Most have worked faithfully and, under the excellent teaching of the different teachers, expect to pass their examinations in June.

The present officers were elected after the Regents' Examinations last January when a meeting was called for that purpose.

When the honor roll was issued for last term it was headed by one of our most distinguished members, Alfred Gillette, who received an average standing of ninety-seven and six-tenths per cent. A large number of the other members were also on the list.

The girls of the class are also worthy of much praise. Many are widely known for their good work in English. We are especially proud of our fine musicians among them. There is a number of excellent Latin students including both boys and girls. Josephine Rowland may be classed as one of the best among the girls and Harry Prosser as one of the best among the boys.

Arthur Roberts, an eminent member, is worthy of congratulation as he is the first base ball manager to be selected from the Freshmen class in the history of the Rome Free Academy. It is expected that he will make good as he has arranged for a number of games with different High School teams. No member of the class could be more fitted for the work than Mr. Roberts.

"Ted" White, that famous half back on the Rome Free Academy Foot Ball Team last season, we are all proud to say, is a member of our class. He made many of the gains which often resulted in the winning of the game. The team was composed of many other good players and substitutes from our class.

As the summer vacation approaches we begin to realize that our first High School year is drawing to a close. In the future it will mean a great deal to the entering classes in the Academy to look back and think of the strength of that honorable class of 1914.

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Dean Barnard (reading in Virgil)—  
"Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck, and—that's as far as I got, Miss Bielby."

Miss Bielby—"Well, Mr. Barnard, I think that was quite far enough."

*THE COURTING OF ANNIE BELL*

*By Josephine Keizer.*

In the cool of the summer twilight two men were riding through the woods along the "main plain" road from Zebra. They were big, sunburned young fellows, dressed in badly fitting "store" clothes. Their collars were low, their sleeves were short and their felt hats were pushed far back on their heads. The right hand of one was resting on the shoulder of the other as they jogged forward and they were singing the chorus of the latest song in Zebra.

As they were beginning the refrain for the fourth time one of them pulled up his horse with a long drawn "Whoa thar!" The other wheeled about. "Whut's the matter?" he asked.

For answer the man who had first stopped pointed with a grin to a "pale" road trailing off into the deep woods on his right. "Thar's my gal!" he said.

"Annie Bell!" the other exclaimed. Then he saw the mirth of it. "Annie Bell! Annie Bell! Ken yu' see Lulu Webster when she sees yu' all!"

At the last name Sam Pryor grinned the more. "I'll learn her to play with me," he said. "A'goin on so with that thar peewee of a drummer. Shucks! I'll tote pore white trash to the dancin' and show her! She ain't a'goin' to monkey with me! So long—see yu' at the sho-bang."

He turned his horse into the "pale" road as he spoke, ducking his head to escape the low-hanging branches. The thud, thud of his friend's horse galloping along the "main plain," mingled with the distant echoes of laughter for some moments, then both died away; but the smile on Sam Pryor's face still lingered. He was thinking of Lulu Webster's anger when he should appear in Zebra schoolhouse this night with Annie Bell Todd, daughter of Zeke Todd, poorest of poor white trash along the Gravois.

A half mile up the road he came upon

the Todd cabin in its tiny clearing. A number of dogs appeared from nowhere and rushed snarling at the horse. "Come back hyar!" snapped a querulous voice from the house. The dogs slunk away and cowered beneath the broken wagon in one corner of the plot. Sam guided his horse on among the tree stumps and the litter of hencoops and broken harness up to the door.

"Evenin'," he called genially. A big-framed man in patched jeans lounged into the doorway.

"Evenin'," he replied.

"Is Annie Bell ready?" asked Sam. Zeke Todd turned his head leisurely to look behind him, then back again to Sam. "Mighty nigh, I reckon," he vouchsafed.

There followed a silence broken only by a whisper now and then in the cabin, the snarl of the dogs under the wagon, and the sleepy call of a bird from the woods.

Within the cabin Annie Bell was standing before the window. Beside her knelt her mother, straining her eyes in the fast fading light to put one last stitch in the girl's dress. Her hands pulled the thread nervously in and out. Around the two stood a circle of children of various ages, gazing wide-eyed at their sister.

"Is that thar fellow talkin' with Paw yer beau, Annie Bell?" whispered eight-year old Jefferson Davis.

"Shet yer mouth!" came low but vehemently from the mother. She leaned forward and bit off her thread. "Turn round," she whispered. Slowly Annie Bell wheeled as on a pivot. The woman's bright eyes looked her up and down almost fiercely. Then she rose to her feet. "Does yer braids feel fast?"

Annie Bell put up her hands and touched her hair very, very carefully. "Yes 'um," she whispered.

"Gi'me that skirt, S'manthy," commanded the mother. "Hol' still." This last to Annie Bell as a mud spattered riding skirt was opened, lifted high above her head

and then cautiously lowered over her hair and light dress.

"Hev yu' got your fascinator?"

"Yes'um."

"Come on then." The children fell back as Mrs. Todd walked toward the door. Annie Bell trailing the long dark skirt followed in her mother's wake.

"Evenin'," said Mrs. Todd to Sam.

"Evenin'," he returned. "Evenin', Annie Bell."

"Evenin'," murmured the girl.

Sam slipped his left foot out of the stirrup and offered his hand to Annie Bell. Clasping it with one of hers and lifting her long skirt with the other, the girl put her foot in the stirrup and swung up lightly to the pillion.

"Evenin'," said Sam.

"Evenin'," drawled Mr. Todd.

No sooner had the horse and his two riders disappeared among the trees than Mrs. Todd turned to the children. "Get into bed thar, you Jeff Davis an' S'manthy, an' min' you fall asleep direc'ly."

Nearly an hour later, when it was quite dark, a curious little procession emerged from the cabin and wended its way across the clearing to the road. First came Mrs. Todd in her old gray wrapper and sunbonnet; then, in order of size, Johnnie and Jimmie and Jo, barefooted and ragged. A miserable cur with his tail between his legs brought up the rear. All of them swung along at a gait somewhere between a lope and a dog trot. Down the "pale" road to the "main plain" they went and turned there toward Zebra. Bye and bye the moon came up and showed the road a ribbon of silver over hill and valley. But the Todds did not look up. With bent heads they swung along nearer and nearer to Zebra. Having crossed the "Lame Dog Creek" the procession left the moonlit road for the shadow of the woods. Presently a sound of voices was audible. The Todds paused

for a moment, and then went on more cautiously.

The log schoolhouse stood some ways out of Zebra on the "main plain" road. Trees surrounded it closely on three sides, shading it from both sun and moon. With never a sound audible above the babel of voices within, the procession of Todds approached the school. By a preconceived plan they scattered, the boys going to the east windows, the mother to a western one. Though standing well back in the shadow, she could easily look into the room.

It was long and low, of rough logs with a fire place at one end. The rude school benches had been pushed back against the walls. Near the door, perched on top of the teacher's desk, sat Old Nat, bending and grinning over his fiddle; ever swaying to the tune he played, and now and then calling out directions to the dancers. Two rows of young people were facing each other in the middle of the room, dancing a Virginia Reel. The men were all in "store" clothes; the girls in bright colored dresses, reds and blues and pinks. All but one; she wore a dress of white tarlatan, thickly sprinkled over with tiny bows of baby ribbon of many hues. Her light brown hair, curling about her face, was caught back in long braids and wound round and round her head.

Tim Meredith was dacing with her and he watched her constantly. But, for that matter, every one there did. For this girl with the shining eyes and pretty dress, this girl who danced the Reel as if walking on air, was no other than Annie Bell Todd, the "poor white trash girl," the daughter of "shiftless Zek Todd."

"Ladies and gen'elmen," sang out Old Nat, "Place yerselves fer a 'Skip come a'loo' and pray to be the man in the center when the music stops."

The couples formed a circle, holding each other's hands.

"Go u'it!" said Old Nat, and began to

play. The circle moved round and round the room.

"Can't get a red bird a blue bird'll do.  
Can't get a red bird a blue bird'll do.  
Can't get a red bird a blue bird'll do.  
Skip come a'loo, my darling."

The fiddle led and the dancers made the rafters ring with words. Suddenly Tim Meredith stepped from the circle to its center keeping time to the music.

"Can't get a white bird a red bird'll do," he shouted with twinkling eyes, and catching Lulu Webster by both hands as she swung past him, pulled her into the center, whirled her about twice and fell back into the line, leaving her alone in the ring.

Mrs. Todd leaned forward a little in her interest. Lulu Webster was big and dark, with black, snapping eyes and red cheeks, and a jaunty toss of her head. She wore a bright red cheesecloth dress. During the chorus she kept time with her whole body. To the different men who smiled at her invitingly she gave only a scornful shrug of her shoulders. At the beginning of the verse she threw back her head.

"Can't get a *sane* man, any fool'll do," she sang mockingly. And while the others took up the words with a shout of laughter she caught Sam Pryor's hands and swung him into the ring disdainfully.

Through the lilt of the song there now ran a certain breathlessness. Mrs. Todd's hands clenched until they hurt.

"Skip, skip, skip come a'loo'  
Skip come a'loo my darling!"  
squeaked the fiddle.

Then Sam began to sing

"Tired of an old girl a new girl'll do!  
Tired of an old girl a new girl'll do!  
Tired of an old girl a new girl'll do!  
Skip come a'loo' my darling."

He walked straight across the ring to Annie Bell, caught her hands and pulled her into the circle, then whirled her about twice, thrice, four times—and the music stopped.

"Salute yer darlin' afore yu die," commanded Old Nat from his corner. The two in the center were the focus of all eyes. They were breathing quickly from their spinning. Mrs. Todd's breath rose and fell with the girl's. Small and slender, Annie Bell stood there swaying a little, her hands still in Sam Pryor's, her eyes on the floor.

"Salute yer darlin' afore yu die," chuckled Old Nat again.

The room swam round and round before Sam's gaze; he saw the old fiddler, Tim Meredith's laughing face and Lulu Webster's scornful frown. Then they were blotted out and he saw only the face of the girl before him; the brown curls about her forehead, her flushed pink cheeks, her downcast eyes, her parted lips.

"Salute yer darlin' or pass her by!" warned Old Nat.

But Sam, not heeding him, stooped and kissed Annie Bell.

"Whoo pee!" shouted Tim Meredith. "Whoo pee!" and the circle drifted apart.

Mrs. Todd hurried around the schoolhouse. "Come along!" she said briefly to Johnnie and Jimmie and Jo. The three dropped from the trees near the windows and obediently fell in behind her; the little dog slunk after them. Through the woods, across the creek, and along the "main plain" they trotted. In the mother's cheeks a pulse was beating.

Long after Johnnie and Jimmie and Jo were asleep in the big bed with Jefferson Davis and S'manthy, Mrs. Todd rocked to and fro near the cabin door.

Up the "pale" road to the cabin Sam and Annie Bell were riding. The man had turned in the saddle to watch the girl. Her lips were smiling and her eyes shone starry in the moonlight. They had spoken little on the way home; but they had looked at each other continually.

"You won't forget?" Sam was saying.

"No," said Annie Bell, "I won't forget."

At the doorstep he gave her his stirrup

to use again and held both her hands as he swung her down.

"Good night, Annie Bell," he murmured.

"Goodnight," she said, and watched him ride away.

Slowly she turned and went up the steps into the cabin. Her mother rose as she entered. "Ma," breathed the girl, "Oh, Ma." The woman waited more tense than the girl. "He asked me to go to the Swansig's picnic and to the fair at Versailles," confided the girl. "I'm glad," she added, half to herself, "I'm glad."

For a moment there was silence. The girl leaned in the doorway and looked out into the silver night. The woman was thinking, thinking.

"You ain't got a decent dress," she said. The girl did not hear. "But," went on the mother, with a fierce note in her voice, "I'll git that pink calico for you, somehow!"

"Well'um," said Annie Bell dreamily.  
(*Smith College Monthly*.)

#### WANTED TO KNOW

When Clifford Grimm will stop growing?

When Ruth Searle will get to school on time?

When Bessie McLaughlin will walk into the study hall quietly?

What Pauline Caswell's favorite color is? Brown????

When "Joe" Sullivan will grow up?

When Louis Glesman's smile will wear off?

If Marian Selden is ever going to put her hair up?

If Marian Olney's hair is turning *White*?

What the trouble is between Miss Carroll and Mr. Shied?

Whether George Stevens is allowed to call oftener on Thomas street than on James?

#### BOOKS.

"The Lion and the Mouse"—Mr. Harris and a freshman.

"Man's Helpers"—Caesar "pony."

"Just for Two"—Estella Mac's motorcycle.

"Doctor's (Pillmore) Lass"—Jessie Ely.

"Foreigner"—Pastore.

"Happy Island"—The rostrum.

"Uncle William"—William Fielding.

"Simon the Jester"—Joe Sullivan.

"Road to Providence"—Exit of R. F. A.

"Root of Evil"—Flirting.

"Heritage of the Desert"—William Meyers.

"Social Buccaneer"—Henry Smith.

"Rose in the Ring"—Ringrose.

"Garden of Fate"—Classroom.

"Rules of the Game"—No whispering in the study hall.

"Select Orations on American History"—by Miss Selmsen.

"Curiosities of the Sky"—Cracks in the study hall ceiling.

"Cherub Divine"—George Stevens.

"Up Grade"—The course of study.

"Lords of High Decision"—The Board of Education.

Wilt thou take her for thy pard

For better or for worse;

To have, to hold, to fondly guard,

Till hauled off in a hearse?

Wilt thou let her have her way,

Consult her many wishes,

Make fires for her every day,

And help her wash the dishes?

Wilt thou comfort and support

Her mother and her father;

Aunt Jemima, Uncle John,

Three sisters and a brother?

And his face grew deadly pale,

And it was too late to jilt,

As to the chapel floor he sank

He sadly said, "I wilt."

*LAST DAY EXERCISES.*

Friday, June 9, was the last day of study for the term 1910-11, and in accordance with the precedent established several years ago, the last period of the afternoon, beginning at 2:45, was turned over to the Senior class by Prof. H. W. Harris, principal.

The participants in the exercises were all candidates for graduation at the commencement exercises on the evening of June 22, as follows: Fred Abbuhl, Freda Cornelia Agans, Dean Stanton Barnard, Harriet Maria Blood, Eleanor Brainerd, George Randall Cogswell, Stanley George Cornish, Florence Mildred Crider, Maynard Smith Curtis, William Thomas Dowd, Mary Louise Foot, Stuart Leslie Gerwig, Louis G. Glesmann, Joseph Anthony Glooger, Harold Charles Golley, Blanche Elizabeth Graves, Clifford Leland Grimm, William Francis Heilig, Harry George Hitchcock, Martin Eugene Hyde, Stanley Stuart Ingalls, Ina Mae Jones, Nathan Leiderfeind, Irene Loftus, Wallace Ludden, Estella Gregg MacFarland, Bessie Frances McLaughlin, William Francis Myers, Pauline Peake, William Roy Pillmore, Bernard Joseph Polzin, George William Robinson, Margaret Mary Rothmund, Elizabeth Rowland, Gladys Kathryn Schwarz, Irma Merle Schwarz, Harriet Ruth Searle, Spencer Clayton Servey, Harry Andrew Sinclair, George May Stevens, Harold Stillman Wardwell, Margaret Halstead Stilman Wardwell, Margaret Halstead Wardwell, Leslie Aldridge Wiggins, Reba Faustina Wood—46.

The exercises this year were largely impromptu and, while not as elaborate as those of recent years, were fully as interesting to the large number of friends of the students present.

Prof. Harris turned the session over to the Seniors, John S. Wardwell jr., chairman of the committee, having charge of the

excursion of the day. Mr. Wardwell ascended the stage, which was in the representation of a ship.

Mr. Wardwell announced that the good ship *Senorita* was about to sail and asked that all passengers hasten aboard.

The members of the class of 1911 entered the assembly room from the rear hall. The boys were attired in suits of blue with white shirts. The girls were dressed in white middy blouse suits and carried suit cases. They all passed up the gang plank and when aboard the plank was drawn in and the voyage begun.

Commodore Wardwell, on accepting charge of the ship *Senorita*, said this theater would close today for two months for needed repairs. For this occasion we have secured the best possible film and so have secured that of the celebrated senior class. We have long struggled to secure this but owing to the great demand and the supply of many others on the market we have been unable to produce this before this time. With the kind attention of the audience we will endeavor to show how to make a success from two rehearsals.

The song *Sailing* was sung by the voyagers as follows:

Sailing, sailing o'er R. F. A.'s stormy sea,  
For weary years have passed, and we at last  
are Seniors free.

We've sailed on, and sailed on; the rough  
way ne'er did flee

For teachers dear our course did steer, and  
launched us Seniors free.

*Parody of Gettysburg Address.*

Leslie A. Wiggins gave a parody on the Gettysburg Address.

Almost four years ago our class brought to this school a new idea, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that we should all here graduate. During that time we have been engaged in a great knowledge strife, testing whether this class or any class, so conceived and so dedicated, can

here succeed. We have met on the battle-field of education. Today we have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place of the class of 1911. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can add, but not detract from this field.

The brave members of the illustrious class of 1911 who have struggled here will now consecrate this field far above any poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we here say, but you can never forget what we do here. It is for us, the class of 1911, rather than any other class, to dedicate this work, which we have so far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be studying for the great task remaining before us; but with the utmost carefulness we have prepared to give the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these exercises will not have been in vain. And that these exercises of this famous class, by this model class, and for you underclassmen, shall live in this school forever.

While en voyage a mail bag arrived and letters to the voyagers from friends were read by each, containing timely and appropriate hits on the various passengers. They were very amusing in a number of instances and were much appreciated by those familiar with the conditions.

After the reading the following was sung to The Faculty:

Faculty, faculty,  
Chug, chug, we will ring you see  
To our dear old faculty,  
Faculty, faculty,  
We will hurrah for R. F. A. and faculty.

*Parody—Spartacus's Address.*

Fred Abbuhl gave a pleasing address, a parody on Spartacus's address to the Gladiators as follows:

Ye call us Seniors and ye do well to call us Seniors who, for four long years, have met in R. F. A. every shape of study or

Exam. the Board of Education of Rome could furnish and who never yet faltered or failed. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in all four years, our actions did belie our tongues let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company who dare face one of us in the recitation room let them come in.

Yet we were not always thus, a model class of worthy learned seniors. Our early days in high school ran as quiet, and our cheeks were red as yours with childish, freshman glow, and like you, after the long weary evenings with the mother's kiss, we laid ourselves to rest from our studies.

But now, fellow students, we must graduate, and so must you in time. O, R. F. A.! R. F. A.! thou has been a tender nurse to us. Ay! Thou hast given to this once poor, gentle, timid, freshmen class who knew no harsher tone than a maiden's sigh, knowledge and wisdom, taught us to subdue Simultaneous Quadratic equations; to tell why there were only 15 amendments to the constitutions, and to master the system of languages, both modern and ancient.

We stand here like giants, as we are! The knowledge of full four years of grinding, encompassed in our toughened brains. But next week some venerable worthies in Albany shall, with their horrible inquisitiveness, tax your feeble brains to the highest pinnacle. Hark! Hear ye yon papers rustling in that strong box in the office? 'Tis many moons since last we saw them, but next week they shall break their seals, and confront you man to man, and full many a scowl at them will you make.

If ye expect to become Seniors, muster up some courage! If ye are students, follow us! Strike down yon Exams., gain the broad pass to wisdom and then do noble valorous deeds, as did classes in R. F. A. before you. Is the old Romohawk spirit frozen in your veins, that you do tremble and cower in fear of a few petty papers?

O, comrades! Students! If we must fight let us fight for ourselves. If we must slaughter, let us slaughter those regents' papers. If we must fail, let it be under the pale blue steel ceiling in the noble study hall of Rome Free Academy.

A number of voyagers, while using opera glasses and binoculars, discovered on the land they were passing friends among the faculty and fellow students. A number of hits were given those individuals, to the amusement of all present.

*Song to Juniors.*

The following song to The Juniors was sung:

Tune—"Stop! Stop! Stop!"  
 To you, the dear old Juniors  
 Some advice that's good and true,  
 When you come to be grave Seniors, just  
     as we are you see,  
 Then perhaps, like us, you too will sail  
     merrily.  
 If you will keep on sailing, anchor at that  
     Senior shore,  
 And do not stop, stop, stop don't dare to  
     stop your working until it's o'er.

*Address to Juniors.*

George M. Stevens, president of the Senior class, made the following address to the Juniors and made them a presentation:

And now, friends and students, having completed the lighter part of our program, we turn to the serious and formal ceremony of parting and the distribution of appropriate gifts to our fellow-students.

*Juniors.*

To you, O Juniors, who for three years have followed in our footsteps, though at a respectful distance, you who have accorded us the sincerest flattery of imitation, we bid farewell. Such imitation of our accomplishments although crude, we realize was your best endeavor. You are soon to become Seniors, and we trust that, having in mind our record during the past year, you will be

able to bear the honor with dignity, having always before you the example of the class of 1911. We herewith present to you a book (ledger), the pages of which are spotless and unsullied. On these pages you will write the important proceedings and events of your class for the ensuing year. And, although the record may not be as illustrious as our own, we trust that there will be nothing which will in any way discredit us, who have so patiently taught you for three successive years.

*Junior President's Response.*

Wylie C. Mason, president of the class of 1912, in behalf of his classmates, responded as follows:

Fellow Schoolmates and Friends: Another school year has rolled around and another Senior class is about to graduate. Today marks the third time that our class has bidden farewell to a graduating class, and at no time has it been a more sorrowful duty than today.

You are the class that has been nearest us through all our high school course, and it has been you to whom we have looked for help and guidance more than to the others. From one class to another we have followed closely in your footsteps, always striving to hold the pace you had set, and in many instances we have more than succeeded.

Now you are to graduate and leave us to take your place in the foremost class in old R. F. A., and while we are glad to be able to assume the rank of Seniors it is with sorrow that we must bid you farewell.

You are now about to go out into the hard, cold world, each one of you to meet your worldly battles face to face.

Some of you perhaps will enter college, while others will at once begin the hard struggles of the business world, and in fulfilling your ambitions we hope you will not forget the old school, with its kind and faithful teachers, whose inspiration and guidance it was that equipped you for your life work.

As I look into the future I can see surely and steadily, plowing along, the 1911 ocean liner. In the pilot house sits Stevens with his glass to his eye, ever watchful, to keep the old ship speeding safely in her steady onward course. On the deck stands Sullivan, harpoon in hand, standing ready to defend the ship from whales, sharks, etc.

As we sit here this afternoon, witnessing your last day exercises, we can not help but think of the new career you are about to begin. And it is our earnest wish that it may be very happy and prosperous for every one of you. And if you need a helping hand either as a class or individually, don't hesitate to call on the members of the class of 1912.

So on behalf of the class of 1912 I bid you good-bye and good-luck.

*Song to Sophomores.*

The following song to the sophomores was sung:

Tune—"Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey."

Sophomores, Oh! Sophomores, just listen here,

We've some points that we should like to make so clear,

You've just two years more, you see,

E'er you will grave Seniors be

If you'll work and not spend too much time on play,

Maybe, you will graduate like us some day, Then you may bid goodbye to dear

R. F. A.

*Address to Sophomores.*

President Stevens addressed the Sophomores as follows:

You, Sophomores, have lived up to the true meaning of your name and have shown yourselves in fact to be "wise absurdities." Although not as worthy as your immediate predecessors, the Juniors, you will never forget that you for two years, have had the advantage, not of associating with us, but of observing our conduct and achievements

with true awe and respect. In climbing the hill of knowledge, although it may seem to you that you have nearly attained the summit, you will find that you are still at the base—and second base at that. Forget in the coming year that you know it all, and believe that true humility is the beginning of all knowledge. Put away all childish things and follow in the footsteps of those whose illustrious record will ever be before you. We present to you this horn. You have during the past year tooted your own horn to such an extent that this will be a reminder to you that in your upperclassmen years as we have shown you, it is "deeds not words" which avail.

*Reply of President Hughes.*

President Tremain Hughes of the Sophomores replied as follows:

Mr. Moderator and Members of the Class of 1911:

At last the cycle of time has completed its course, and we are meeting you for the last time as dear and loving classmates. It is a delight to you, kind Seniors, to think, after four long years of strife and sorrow, your work is over, and that you are about to launch forth in a larger field of activity but to us it is regret and sorrow.

You all have high and noble ambitions. Some of you will enter college, where you will become distinguished and surround yourselves with fame and glory; others will strike out in this cold and frigid world to battle with success and misfortune, but remember whatever course you pursue you depart from these walls forever. We lose the friends we have always honored and respected; we lose those who have never hesitated to help us in times of failure and always been willing to extend a helping hand to buoy us up on the great tide of existence. To you it probably meant little, yet those little deeds of kindness remain so deeply fixed that they will be monuments to your name forever. We hate to see you go, yet we know the parting is inevitable. Your high school days

are nearly over, and so in parting let us say make your life worth living. Remember the pages of history are strewn with the human wreckage of failure yet I ask, is it not a consoling circumstance to think "what men have done, men can do?" The ruling element of this nation or any nation once occupied your positions and from these chairs have striven to greatness. Keep only the best in mind and strive for the final goal. My class wishes you the best of success and may God always be with you.

*Song to Freshmen.*

Tune—"Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own."

Every little freshman has a model of his own,  
That we are all models by our actions can be shown,  
And every green thought that comes a stealing  
O'er your being must be revealing  
All its greenness in some appealing little nonsense all its own.

*Address to Freshmen.*

President Stevens spoke as follows to the Freshmen:

And now, O, Freshmen, in completing the chronological recapitulation, in the words of Heliogabalus, Sardanapulos, Demosthenes Aristophanes, or myself, I admonish you to inscribe upon the tablets of your memory, relative to the class of 1911, "Sumus materia" (we are the stuff). And, although the infinitesimal and undeveloped cellular tissue of the material within your craniums, which is called the brain, may not be able to comprehendingly register this idea, we bid you, nevertheless, to cogitate upon the record of your departing predecessors. We present to you this instrument and toy (a rattle), which has been a delight to the immature of mankind for countless generations. With it you may increase your intelligence by instructing the brain through the eye. You may derive great pleasure from its fre-

quent use, and, incidentally, give notice to all who are within hearing that you are alive. And ever remember that:

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow,  
Large streams from little fountains flow."

*Reply of Freshmen.*

President Leslie Faulds of the Freshmen class responded as follows:

Mr. President and Members of the Class of 1911: Today we have assembled here with you, the graduating class, before us. Four years ago you were probably looking into the future as we are now. From that time on you have fought hard and the victory is now won. You are now about to go forth from the academy after those four years of hard work.

It is upon this class of ours that your excellent work has made the greatest impression, for we as tiny Freshmen are looking forth to the day when we shall have gained the position that you now have. But you have reached this goal only by years of hard work and we can not expect to become Seniors without the same period of work.

You are probably together today for the last time, yet we hope to still keep in touch with you. As you are on your daily duties look back and think of R. F. A. and remember that you still have friends in school who year by year are going out into the business world.

Seniors, we hope that in the future you will progress as you have in the past and that you may all receive still higher reward for your excellent work.

Friends, I must now bid you farewell in behalf of the class of 1914. Good Seniors, farewell.

*Senior's Song.*

The jollification closed with the singing of the Seniors' class song as follows:

Tune—"Winter."

Seniors, Seniors, don't you see that we are Seniors,

Sailing far away  
From old R. F. A.  
Four long years have passed and now you  
see at last that we  
Are jolly Seniors, Seniors.  
Don't you wish that you were Seniors?  
If you'll always work and never shirk  
Perhaps, you too may say some day  
That you are Seniors.

*Class Yell.*

At the conclusion of the song the Seniors broke into their class yell as follows:

Rahsky! Rahsky!  
Rip! Rah! Reven!!!  
R. F. A., R. F. A.  
1911.

Instantly the cry was taken up and yells of several classes of former years made the assembly hall ring.

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*FARICAL OPENING  
of  
AFTERNOON SESSION.*

The class of nineteen eleven were determined to do something original. When the bell rang for the opening of the afternoon session, members of the Senior class, instead of taking their usual places in the study hall, walked to the front of the room and took the registration cards from their places. The manner in which each performed his task showed plainly what teacher he was impersonating. Mr. Baker came slowly down the aisle with arms folded—but no, the students sit up and take notice, they have mistaken Mr. Wardwell for Prof. Baker. With mincing steps Miss Baker, who used to be M. Rothmund, comes to the front of the room to take the attendance. In like manner other substitute teachers are recognized by some peculiarity. But amid this excitement our principal walks down the center aisle from the office. The under-classmen think at first that he looks very much like Mr. Wiggins but as he mounts to the platform they become doubtful. Is it or is it not Mr. Harris? This being,

whoever it is, takes his timepiece from his pocket and after consulting it carefully turns to look at the clock. The students rub their eyes in a dreamy sort of way. Just at the moment the principal taps the bell and the would be teachers walk up the aisles to register the attendance.

Hark! Surely that is not Mr. Harris's voice although the words are his own. The students wake with a start. That voice belongs to Mr. Wiggins, "Brown, take your books and leave the room."

The entire audience listens mirthfully to the lecture which follows. They hear again the old lectures on "courtesy," "etiquette," "rowdyism" and "placing the wheels around the building." The room was in an uproar of laughter as Mr. Wiggins from time to time expressed a saying which was especially characteristic of Mr. Harris.

At the close of this lecture the Seniors rose, gave the class yell and disbanded. Mr. Harris took his place upon the platform and the fifth period was called.

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A few of the boys who are affected with feminitus:

George Stevens
Stuart Gerwig
"Jack" Wardwell
Dean Barnard
"Jim" Brown
"Teddy" White
"Sam" Wardwell
"Barney" Plunkett
"Teddy" Widman
Leslie Wiggins

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Wanted—Estella Mac. wants a motorcycle built for two.

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If Justina and Percy were behind the door would Isabel Peake?

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If the Kopp girls were coming down the street would Eugene Hyde?

*GIRLS' PROPHECY, 1911.*

George Stevens was presiding at a very important Senior meeting in the algebra room. "The motion has been made and seconded that the members of this class meet for a reunion in this room on the evening of May 16, 1921. All those in favor of this motion answer by the usual sign." The assembled Seniors stopped throwing erasers long enough to answer "Yes."

May 13, 1921, found Mr. and Mrs. George Stevens spending the evening as they spent most of their evenings, quietly at home. George smoked away slowly, while opposite him his wife, the picture of health and contented comfort, sat reading an old Senior Annual.

"George, dear" Mrs. Stevens warned, "you must not forget that the date of our class reunion is only three days off. Will every one be there?"

"I think so, Estella," George replied. "Every one except Dean Barnard and Joe Gloger. It's a darn shame that they had to go and kill themselves working on the prophecy back in 1911. Wouldn't it be great if they could be there, too?"

After a moment's thought Mrs. Stevens exclaimed, "I have an idea. We might have their bodies sent to Dr. Blood's Bloodless Sanitarium."

I awoke in a bed upon which sat a nurse clothed in white.

"Where am I?" I cried.

"You are in my sanitarium," replied the nurse.

"Who are— Why you are Harriet Blood, aren't you. But wasn't I dead?"

"Yes, but I have discovered a means of bringing people back to life. By neglecting my friends and all my alien interests and diligently concentrating my mind on my studies, my mental powers have been developed so abnormally that now I am able not only to hypnotize any living being, but also

to compel the brains of deceased mortals to respond to my mental commands. Yesterday, at the request of Mrs. George Stevens, whom you probably remember, as Estella Gregg MacFarland, I tried my treatment on you. You were so stubbornly dead that for the first time I had to admit a failure. Last night I held a consultation with the leading physician of the town, Ina Jones, and she promised to do all in her power in the interest of science. Thanks to her long experience in the laboratory, she succeeded in compounding a fluid called the 'Essence of Life.' By means of its inspiring vitality, and Ina's steady flow of thrilling words, and my hypnotic suggestions, we managed to coax you back to life."

Harriet modestly refused to accept my thanks, but instead, turned her attention to the bed next to mine. There Dean Barnard lay, just awakening. Ina was the doctor in charge and Charley Perry the assistant nurse. Of course, the first person to greet Dean was Margaret Wardwell. The thing most noticeable, aside from the fondness of their embrace, was the fact that Margaret wore glasses, and that her face was so wrinkled and careworn that she seemed twenty years older. In response to my query as to the cause of this change Harriet said, "Peggy is only another example of what overwork on the prophecy will do. By the way; so soon after your operation you should not exert yourself, so sit down and I shall give you some light reading matter."

She handed me a New York evening paper. I immediately turned to the funny page.

"If Gladys had two warts on her hand when Don Fuller shook hands with her, will Don have Gladys Schwarz? If Blanche Graves should go into the Y. M. C. A. to see Stuart Ingalls and Clifford Grimm should pursue her, and if she should hide on the scales, would she get away? If Clifford should discover Miss Graves with Stuart, would she Blanch(e) with Grim(m)

fear? Officer! He's in again."

At the bottom of this column were the initials M. A. G.

"Who could ever write such nonsense," I demanded.

"Don't you remember who Mag was? Well, you undoubtedly do remember that some time before the Commencement Exercises the Board of Education expressed to the Senior girls the desire that they limit the expense of their graduation dresses to \$1. This pleased no one better than Margaret Rothmund, for she never put more than a few yards of cloth into a dress. But the next request of the Board came as an awful blow to Margaret. This request was that the dresses be made plain with sleeves and necks such as Her Majesty Queen of England required of Lady Decies before her presentation. When the announcement was made Margaret began to rave, and the efforts of eminent specialists have been of no avail in restoring her reason. For a while she traveled on the stage, playin 'Ophelia' for Robert Mantell, but later Stuart Gerwig, the sporting editor of the New York Journal, influenced her to write the Daffydils."

I was not allowed out that night, but on the 16th I was declared strong enough to attend the reunion. In speaking of it our worthy valedictorian said: "Except one girl, those present will include all the graduates of 1911, not to mention Bessie McLaughlin. Bessie came so near graduating in 1913 that sympathetic movement was started in her favor with the result that all the classes from 1909 to 1913 voted her an honorary member. But Bessie, having made up her mind to secure a diploma, stuck to her resolution and continued to flit about the study hall long after George Robinson, Howard Scott and all the class of 1914 had completed their post-graduate work, until last term when she left school and became chief engineer over the stone crusher used in the erection of the new rail-

road station. I hear she has made good in the stone-crushing business, but then you must not forget that Bessie always was more or less of a heart-crusher."

"And who may the one girl who will not be present be?" was my next question.

"Irma Schwarz. We sent an invitation to Camden, but she wrote back that she 'couldn't see anything in any Rome fellow to cause her to leave her happy home.' I think she is still offended because we did not give her an opportunity of starring in the Class Play. The feature of the reunion," Harriet continued, "will in all probability be the address to be delivered by the Teacher of Social Economy at Cornell, Pauline Peake. She claims that she has reduced the tiresome task of washing dishes to an art. Come, we might as well start now."

The old school certainly did look fine, except that a number of bicycles and tricycles were thrown against the north side of the building. I was told that it was a generally accepted fact that bicycles were too dangerous a plaything for mere freshmen, so they rode on tricycles.

Only one boy was absent from room 23 when the reunion was called to order, but several girls had not yet arrived. While we were responding to Class Rollcall, Florence Mildred "Kindred" Crider sailed majestically down the hall. She wore slippers of Alice blue, red stockings, a white dress, a dark blue belt, pink gloves, a black hat and a yellow parasol.

Next the familiar chug chug of Grogan's auto was heard. When the girls, in welcoming Freda, teased her about keeping company with the same fellow so long, she said: "Well, you see, Lester just loves to take me out, no matter whether it be to North Western or a lawn social."

Just as Gladys Schwarz, in the absence of her sister, arose to do the duties of the salutatorian, Eleanor rushed in—only a few minutes late.

All during the affair Bessie carried messages and acted as usher and general everywhere-at-once.

After a few words of greeting to her fellow classmates, Gladys told how she regretted that so many girls were missing. Pauline Peake, she said, had, at the last minute, dropped her glasses into the dishpan, and, as she had not succeeded in borrowing another pair, she could not be present. "This letter," Gladys proceeded, "accounts for the only boy who is not here. It reads, in part:

St. Petersburg, Russia.

Dear Miss Seeley:

I am in this country following the wonderful person about whom I told you ten years ago. The Russians praise her as a violinist even more than the theater-goers of New York did. Having succeeded in my ambition to speak as good English as she uses, I am now learning Russian, so that I may rest upon the same high pedestal with her. I can already say "I adore you."

Wallace Ludden.

"The marvelous person referred to is undoubtedly Elizabeth Rowland."

The first name on the program was that of Reba Faustina Wood. Reba expressed her sorrow that there was no piano in the room to accompany her. She had been practicing a vocal selection, but instead of this she gave a short talk on "How to Nurse Plants."

At this moment the door flew open and Ruth Searle stood on the threshold.

"Am I late?" she asked. "I beg to be excused, as my hair came down on the way, and then, too, I live so far away from the school."

Gladys then introduced the Honorable President of the Rome Branch of the Y. W. C. A., who turned out to be none other than Mary Louise Foot. On her sweater vest was an "R" which she had earned in her p-g year as guard on the Girls' Basket Ball Team. She spoke a few minutes on Prohi-

bition, and then lauded the class for our choice of a memorial. She closed her remarks with the following sentence: "In my opinion it was much harder for Washington to cross the Delaware than for the Goddess of Victory to sail on the Aegean Sea."

After the applause had died away Irene Loftus was introduced. She described very touchingly how years before she had recited American History in this same room. During her remarks her countenance was covered by a wonderful smile. That same beaming smile has accomplished marvels for Irene. Sisters at the Convent and Teachers in R. F. A. always marked her, not for her recitations, but for her smile, which seemed to say, "Although I can not answer your question, I have studied my lesson." Later, that same smile obtained for her a good position at Binks Market.

When the "Human Sunburst" was called upon, Florence Criderself nearly to death. She said she had been so busy preparing a speech that by the time she started to dress for the reunion, she had forgotten the day of the week, so she did not know which one of her seven colored outfits to wear. Rather than be totally wrong, she put on one article from each day's dress—her Sunday slippers, Monday stockings, etc. Now that the girls laughed so at the combination, she would not speak at all.

Blanche Graves pleaded that her name be omitted from the list of entertainers, saying that in her day she had enjoyed appearing at rhetoricals, but since she had become a librarian, she had spent so much time in reading that she had neglected her rich endowments in elocution entirely.

The longest number on the program was an essay written by Eleanor Brainerd. She stated that in 1909 she had imagined that her ambition was to darn socks and comb hair for a certain boy in a shingled house, but now her greatest pleasure was contributing material to Senior Annuals.

All the other speakers had earned favorable criticism, but it remained for the last one, Margaret Rothmund, to be the sensation of the reunion. Standing there at the front of the room, she demanded an answer of one sentence to the following:

"If anybody should call Miss Agans freed, would she be afraid lest her Grogan might be angry?

"If hypnotic influence was required to bring Barnard back to life, would his heart beat without Blood?

"If Billie Binks and Larry Doyle should fight for a date with Eleanor Brainerd, would Ir win?

"If Florence Crider should marry Lynn would she be a Boy or a Son?

"If Mary Louise should take Bill Spargo to Tunbridge's and order lobster and champagne, would Mr. Foot scold Mary Louise or would Mr. Foot the Bill?

"If Clifford wished to appear real solemn and Grim(m), would he seek a place among the Graves?

"If Joe should go with another girl, would Ina Jones have Fitz?

"If Irene Loftus's hair ribbons border on the ridiculous, does her hobble skirt?

"If at a game at Riverside Park Estella MacFarland should step on third base, would the base ball?

"If George were a robin's son, would Bessie try to become a Romohawk?

"If Elizabeth and Wallace should stroll on Elm street, would Pauline Peake?

"If Harriet Ruth Searle should have a date with Punch Carey on Sunday night, and Margaret Rothmund should have a date with him on Friday night, which would show the greater appreciation of Art?

"If Gladys should treat Don to one of Maxwell's trifles, would the usher at the Casino then be Fuller?

"If Irma Merle Schwarz should go to Camden to Fish and Gamble for Gunther, would she show good Morrell?

"If Harriet a 100 lb. weight, could Art Carey her?

"If Peggy lived out near a Barn(y)ard, would Dean know the 6th Ward well?

"If Reba would go to Syracuse to keep a Leger, would Harry Sinc(l)air?"

As no one was able to answer in one sentence, the meeting was adjourned.

Joseph Gloer.

#### BOYS' PROPHECY.

Walking along Sixth Avenue in New York one day, I came to a large store where electric animals, which were to be used in traveling, were for sale. They pleased me immensely and I determined to buy one. Upon entering the store I looked around, debating whether to purchase an elephant or a horse. The animals differed in size, some having just room for one and others for as many as four. On each side of the body were two large openings, where one was obliged to climb in, first ascending the small ladder with which every beast was provided. After one had entered the machine, the ladder was taken up, folded and put carefully away. At last I decided on a large, grey elephant which one could manage in the air as well as on land. There was room for three or four in the large body, and I decided that I should go on a long trip, inviting a friend to accompany me. I asked the demonstrator who had been so brilliant as to think of this wonderful invention. He told me that two men had worked out the thing together and had named it "The Roamer." After purchasing my machine I started to go out but as I opened the door whom should I meet but Clifford Grimm. I was very much surprised to see a classmate of R. F. A. and I eagerly questioned him as to what he was doing. You can imagine my surprise when he told me that this large business was his plant and that he and another R. F. A. boy had invented these wonderful machines, warranted never to break.

And that the other man was Stuart Gerwig! The class of 1911 had surely handed something down to posterity. I left him, taking my new animal which I had christened Jumbo. I went to persuade my friend to accompany me on my journey. She was very willing to do so and we started gaily out that afternoon.

We decided to take our first journey on land. Starting from New York we thought we would go up near home, through central New York, on to the west. "Jumbo" was very easily controlled and we were very nicely situated within the huge form which was fitted up comfortably as a living room. This wonder of ours didn't have to be guided but just told where we wished to go and in the shortest time imaginable we would be at our destination. Our first stop was Rome, where we wished to see as many friends as possible and learn where others were situated. Coming in from the south we struck upon a large, imposing building, and thought "Why, this must be Utica!" However, upon questioning a standerby we learned that this was the new Rome station. We decided that instead of astonishing the natives with our conveyance we would walk up town. Imagine our surprise to see what a thriving metropolis now flourished instead of the modest town we knew in school days. It was a long walk up to where "down town" used to be but we kept on. By the side of the Rome Brass & Copper Co. we saw a large, new building painted in the gayest red and having the sign,

Tonsorial Parlors  
B. Polzin  
N. Leiderfeind

We wished very much to go in and see these two but finally decided it wasn't proper and continued on our way. At last we came to the American Corner where we saw the large sign of "Airship Limited Station, Sullivan's Garage, Successor to Noonan."

Walking down there we found a good many friends in the employ of Mr. Sullivan. Mr. Sturdevant, Mr. Servey and Mr. Dowd were running the airships, while Mr. Hyde, Mr. Meyers and Mr. Cornish were taking tickets on their various lines. Most people flocked to Mr. Servey's machine for he entertained the people on their journeys with arguments.

On the corner where the Stanwix Hotel had once stood was a large, well-furnished hotel, so we spent the night there. As we were sitting that evening in the roof garden we noticed a small airship built for two. Upon inquiring whose it was the proprietor told us "Fuller's, on N. James St. A man by the name of Glesman runs it for them."

Early in the morning we started forth again deciding upon Buffalo as our destination. Upon coming into this city we perceived a large street fair. Wishing some amusement we stopped. The first person we saw was the orator of the class, Mr. Abbuhl, using his gift very dramatically as an attracting power before a tent which advertised as its feature a human pin cushion. When we were able to talk with him we found that they were charging each person who wished to stick a pin in him a quarter and that they were making from fifty to one hundred dollars a day. Also he told us that it was all a "fake" and that Mr. Curtis was the seemingly wonderful man.

Our first trip in the air we took on what promised to be a lovely day. However, after an hour's ride a terrific thunder storm blew up. The rain was so heavy we could hardly see in front of us and suddenly a great mist arose.

We couldn't land for there was no telling whether we would alight on a church steeple or a tree. There was nothing to do but to go on carefully at a slow rate of speed. Suddenly there was an awful crash and we had the sensation of going down, down, down. Then a thud and we landed on a hard, flat

thing which we thought was a roof. What had caused us to fall? Looking around we saw another couple in a small aeroplane. Evidently they were more used to collisions than we for they were already departing without even asking if we were hurt. Before they sped away saying something about being late for the debate, I recognized Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Ludden. Later I learned that Mr. Ludden was also a small haberdasher owing to his fondness for gay hosiery. We looked "Jumbo" over and finding him uninjured we went on our way.

Our next stop was Chicago, where we found two more classmates, Mr. Golly and Mr. Heilig, conducting a "Child's Restaurant." At Minneapolis we found that George Robinson, who in school days hardly looked at a girl, had become a regular "Beau Brummel" and was called "The Debuntante's Delight." Of Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Pillmore every one seemed to have lost track and we could find no news of them anywhere.

Suddenly we decided to go to Mars. We had never been there but in the Jumbo we had found careful directions to all the planets. Arriving there the first person we met was Mr. Wiggins, who said that he had come there because he could sleep in the morning and didn't have to work. He piloted us over the planet, showing us the interesting places and explaining in his usual interesing manner the habits of the natives. Mr. Wardwell had also immigrated to this place and kept the Olney (only) Canning Factory on the planet. After spending an afternoon there we came back to earth, arriving somewhere near Washington. Of course we wished to see all the things of public interest so, thinking of all the facts we had learned in American History, we first went to the Lower House of Congress. Much to our surprise we recognized our president of 1911 sitting in the speaker's chair. Of course we always thought he was wonderful but surely this was past

our expectations. Mr. Cogswell, owing to his "pull" with this important personage, had been appointed chaplain of this dignified body of representatives

Every one knows the sadness which 1911 was obliged to go through, namely the passing away of Mr. Gloger and Mr. Barnard, whose deaths were caused soon after graduation by overwork upon the girls' prophecy. However, I am happy to say no more have been added to the list.

Margaret Wardwell.

#### THE LADY OF THE PICTURE.

*By Anabel Hitchcock Sharp.*

Maxwell Farnham gathered up the little incomplete sketches and tenderly tucked them away in his desk, then turned to the finished picture with a sigh. It was over, now, his pleasant task and well-accomplished. For there was the beautiful just as he had seen her that day in the car. He had not forgotten, had not been able to forget anything about her since that time. Inexpressibly lovely, there she sat, the soft, heavy, black furs contrasting with her pale gold hair, her eyes exactly matching in color the great bunch of violets at her waist.

He was almost sorry he must sell it but perhaps it were better out of his sight. He had thought of the girl so intently and constantly that probably it would be wiser if he sent the thing away. Besides, apart from all inclination, the sale of that or some other picture was a financial necessity and as that was the only piece of work he had to choose—

So he wrapped it up and strode off with it under his arm to a friend who was a well known art dealer in the city.

"Here I am with my masterpiece, Harry," was his greeting to his friend as he drew off the wrappings, and stood the picture upon the counter.

Harry was loud in his admiration.

"She's a beauty! By George, she's perfect," he exclaimed, head on one side and

then with increasing excitement, "won't be here a week, won't be here a day; bet she goes in an hour!"

And Maxwell Farnham, who had taken off his hat to his own achievement, crammed it back on his head and turned away quickly.

And all the way home he thought how successfully he was forgetting the lovely lady, if he should see her again! But hadn't he hunted through five weeks and had he ever yet seen so much as the shadow of her slender figure or caught the momentary glint of her gold hair? Well, it was hopeless; he might as well forget—but of course he had forgotten, he ought to remember that. When he returned to his room, there were the sketches and he took them out and looked at each one again.

A few days later Maxwell Farnham was on his way home from his tailor's, where he had been investing the money he had received from the sale of his picture. "Who has it now?" he wondered. "Perhaps some awful person who bought it because it was mine. Does he half appreciate her?"

There was nothing conceited about young Farnham. And then glancing up, he saw her crossing the street just ahead of him—graceful and dainty as before, in the same long, fur coat and smart fur hat setting off her shining hair. She went on before him a little distance, then turned sharply in at the gate opening to a greystone house. Maxwell was right behind and he turned in, too. He had been aware of no intention of following her, but she was just found again and it didn't occur to him to walk tamely by and lose track of her. So he kept on up to the very steps of the stone house. She went in and left him coming up alone. He rang the bell and in the long wait before anybody answered it he did wonder just what he expected to do.

Should he pretend he had mistaken the number? Then he wouldn't have seen her. Should he pose as an agent? What had he

to sell? To be sure he might be taking orders for perfumes and extracts, but even so, they would expect him to have a scent of the stuff about him somewhere. He might brush in and announce cheerfully, "I'm the cousin you have never seen," and beam jovially on them like one of the playful sort of persons who say over the telephone "Guess who this is."

But she might happen to have seen all her cousins, or possibly she never had any cousins at all.

And just then the door opened and a little white aproned maid stood there waiting. His sub-conscious self or some other self equally remote, unaccountable and reliable, acted for him. He handed the maid his card. She stepped aside with an apologetic "For?"

"For Miss Mm—" mumbled Farnham vaguely hoping her name might have an "M" in it somewhere.

The maid showed him into the reception room and tripped away. In a few minutes she came back.

"Miss Trescott will see you in the library." And she had understood Trescott; "bright maid that," Maxwell commented to himself and followed her with a light heart.

Across the red carpet of the big library a young girl advanced to meet him—small, fair-haired, and extremely pretty, but—it wasn't the girl of his picture! Mr. Farnham cast about in his mind for something to say, anything to say—he had got beyond the point where he hoped to explain his presence brilliantly and was seeking now only a mere utterance, a bare articulation—the weather, furniture, theater—couldn't he think of anything to say about *anything*? But Miss Trescott's face was alight with welcome, and she began at once.

"So they told you father had bought the picture. Mr. Harry said you'd be interested to know. You want to see if we've hung it right, I know. Well, there it is (waving toward the opposite wall) right

where the firelight dances over it—could you wish for a better setting, Mr. Maxwell Farnham?"

He looked across at the picture, standing out in its dark frame, glowing in the shifting light of the fire.

"Thank you," he said. "You *did* appreciate her," and then caught himself and laughed and Miss Trescott laughed, too.

"Father bought it because it reminded him of Helen—that's my sister," she explained.

And Maxwell Farnham had much difficulty to keep from saying "It *was* Helen."

Helen, so that was her name, Helen—how suddenly new and sweet and altogether delightful, that name had become.

"I'd like to see her and compare," he found himself saying, "have you really a sister who looks like that—I mean does that truly look like your sister?"

"I'll call her," said Miss Trescott obligingly, "and father, too—he'll want to tell you how much he likes your work."

And she flitted away, leaving Maxwell alone in the library, where the crackling flames were throwing their radiance over the beauty of this picture lady.

There was a soft rustling across the floor but for a moment he did not look up. He was content to let his gaze linger with the firelight and the many happy dreams it held for him. She was quite near and he got to his feet and looked full upon her at last. The light shone warmly over her as she stood before him, slender and fairy-like in dress of clinging white. She smiled and said, "Margery has gone to find father"—her voice was low and sweet.

"You are?" he asked because he didn't know of anything else to ask.

"Why I—I'm the picture!" Miss Helen Trescott laughed. "I even have a hat like that and a coat and—well, don't you see a resemblance?" And she stepped back beside the painting and smiled across at him.

He compared his work with the original

and found it good. And then he said aloud in tones of the utmost astonishment, "By Jove! there is a likeness!"

Helen came and sat in a big armchair. "Tell me about her," she urged, "who was your model?"

Mr. Farnham looked boldly into her eyes. "You—" he began and he meant to be very brave, but the intended truth changed in spite of him and, "You ask a very difficult thing," was what he heard himself say insanely. "I never have models, my ideas just come."

"Oh," remarked Miss Helen, and in the silence that followed, Mr. Trescott and Margery entered.

Mr. Trescott, large and good-looking, came over to Farnham and greeted him cordially. "Glad to know you, Mr. Farnham," he said, "it was good of you to come. Margery tells me you are satisfied with the way we've treated your picture."

"Indeed, I know it wasn't because of the thing itself that it received such good housing, but by reason of its chance resemblance to your daughter. I've been comparing them," Maxwell returned.

"You couldn't have it hit it more exactly if she had been sitting to you for her portrait," Mr. Trescott cried. "It's marvelous. Mr. Farnham, we want very much to keep you to dinner tonight, if you've no other engagement."

"I shall be very glad," accepted Farnham.

Later in the evening he found occasion to speak to Helen alone again. "One thing has worried me," he told her abruptly.

"Yes?" she said sympathetically.

"The violets," he explained; "it spoiled half my pleasure in painting that picture because the flowers I must make you wear were somebody's else and not mine."

"I—oh, then the hat and coat—and me, myself, weren't the coincident effects of your mind—?"

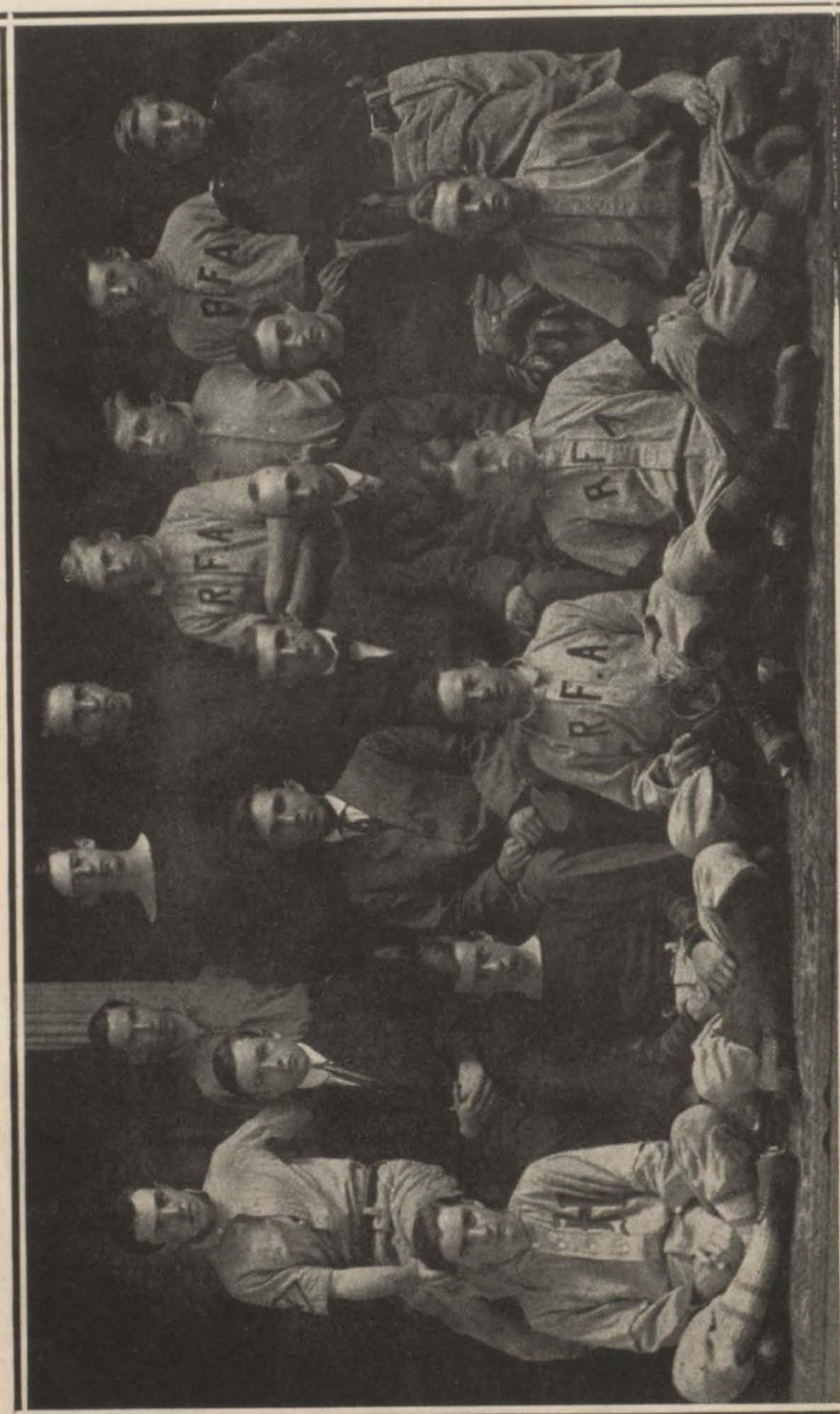
"No, Miss Helen," he confessed, "I deliberately kept you before my mind and tried to reproduce my impression exactly—I didn't think how wrong I was—for I wasn't sufficiently conceited to think it would come out enough like you to be recognized."

He paused but the girl said nothing.

"You'll forgive me, wont you, and let me paint you some time again when you're not wearing somebody's else flowers, but just mine?"

A dimple showed in Helen Trescott's chin  
—and—

"Why do you want to?" she asked.



R. F. A. BASE BALL TEAM.

## ATHLETICS.

Name.	Position.	Age.	Games Played.	Height.
William Dowd, Acting Capt.	L. F.	18	6	5 ft. 10 in
Arthur Roberts, Mgr.	C. F.	18	6	5 ft. 9½ in
Theodore White	C.	17	4½	5 ft. 8 in
Kenneth Inman	C.	17	1½	6 ft. 1 in
Ambrose McNamara	P.	18	3	5 ft. 8 in
Edward Krumm	P. and 3b.	16	3	5 ft. 8 in
Joseph Sullivan	1b.	18	1	6 ft. 1 in
Samuel Wardwell	1b.	16	5	5 ft. 8½ in
Nathan Leiderfeind	2b.	19	5	5 ft. 6½ in
John Murphy	ss.	17	4	5 ft. 4½ in
Ralph Pastore	3b.	17	1½	5 ft. 8 in
Howard Carroll	ss.	16	4	5 ft. 9½ in
Erwin Doyle, Capt.	2b.	16	3	5 ft. 9 in
James Briggs	3b.	17	1½	5 ft. 6½ in
William Heilig	R. F.	19	5	5 ft. 9 in
Charles O'Connor	R. F.	16	½	5 ft. 6½ in

*History of Athletics.*

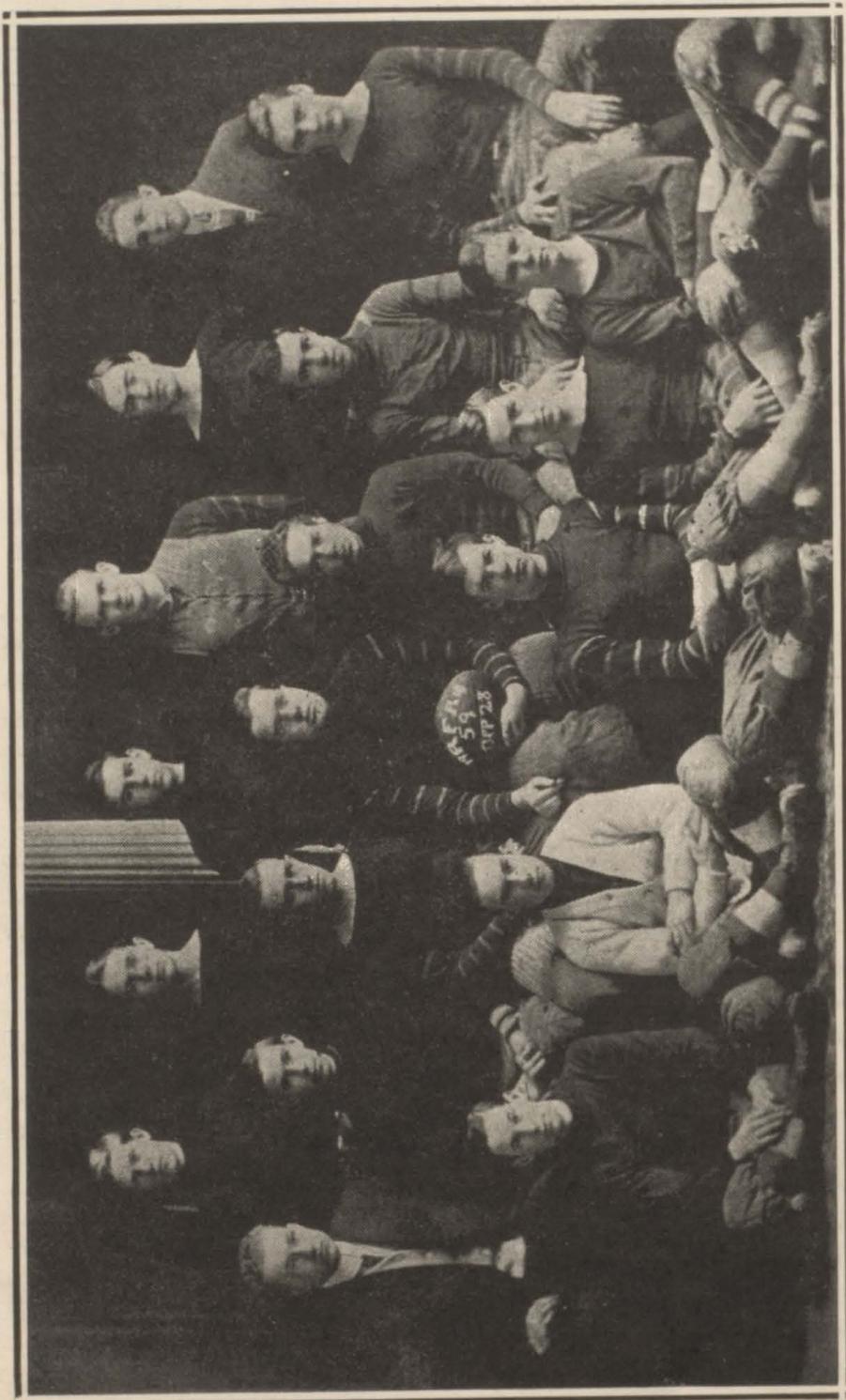
Up to the time that Prof. D. R. Campbell came to teach in Rome Free Academy, athletics in the school were not what they should have been. Prof. Campbell, during his stay in this school, undertook to purify the methods of the Athletic Association, and athletics in general, and succeeded to the highest degree attainable. Since then athletics have been capably managed, and at present, instead of having an Athletic Association, all questions concerning athletics are decided by the student body. But athletics have also been a success, in other ways than financially, as is shown by the following record.

In 1908 the foot ball team was under the management of Wm. Sweet, and captainship of Harvey Selden. The first game with Utica Free Academy that year was played at Rome, and as the day was very rainy, and perhaps for other reasons, Rome lost by a score of 5-0. But on Thanksgiving day, at Utica, in the same year, R. F. A. succeeded in holding U. F. A. to a tie, 0-0, in an excellently played game, which was as good as a victory to the Romans.

This seemed to be the turning point in athletics between Rome and Utica, as before this time, for several consecutive years, Rome had not been able to win one contest with Utica, but had always been defeated by overwhelming odds. So, perhaps, we have Owens, Curtiss, Selden, S. Caddick, George Barnard, and the other former stars to thank for breaking the established custom of being defeated by Utica, and for making it possible for Rome to excel Utica in foot ball in the coming years.

The next year (1909) the hoodoo was surely broken when Rome defeated Utica, at Rome, by a score of 5-0, an unprecedented happening for 14 years. This year the team was under the capable captainship of George Barnard, and was managed by Ray Caddick. The team practiced faithfully for the big game on Thanksgiving day at Utica, but was disappointed in not having another chance to defeat Utica, as snow fell to the depth of nearly a foot the night before the game and made foot ball impossible.

This short review brings us up to our present year, 1910, the description of which



R. F. A. FOOT BALL TEAM.

will be found under the heading "Foot Ball in 1910."

The base ball teams of late years have not been as successful as their predecessors, but have shown a lot of hard, earnest work and practice and should be highly praised. In 1905 was perhaps the best base ball team the Rome Free Academy ever had, defeating nearly everything in this vicinity. With Zimmerman in the box, Flint back-stopping him, "Pop" Harrington (captain) on first base, Weller on second, Wilson on short, Flanagan on third and Backus, Larabee and Gaines doing the rest of the honors, it made a very formidable organization.

The Rome Free Academy may point with pride to the fact that of late years it has had pure athletics, with the managers directly responsible to the Principal, and the teams composed only of bona fide students of the Rome Free Academy. The members of the different teams have always conducted themselves as gentlemen, at home and out of town, and deserve the hearty support of the students and citizens.

#### FOOT BALL IN 1910.

The foot ball team of 1910 was a decided success, having won 5 out of 7 games played, and having a total of 59 points to their opponents' 23. The only two teams which defeated them are Camden High School and Syracuse Technical School. The team was captained by Byron Fox, who played on the Academy team as far back as 1908, and who whipped into shape, without a coach, an excellent team out of raw material. Manager Gloer arranged a pleasing schedule that reflects great credit upon him.

The team had two crack ends, Leiderfeind and Carroll, who stopped nearly everything that came in their territory. Glesmann and Fox, both former players, played well at tackles, while Curtiss, Wardwell, Dowd, Pillmore, Bronson and Krumm held up the center of the line, and proved stone

walls against their opponents' rushes. Barnard as quarterback ran the team cleverly and nothing more could be hoped for in the line of backs than Gloer, Heilig and White. Gloer was strong on speed, Heilig on bucks and White on both, and their wonderful ground-gaining facilities gained Rome many victories. Wardwell, also, when playing at fullback was exceedingly good.

#### R. F. A. vs. Syracuse North High School.

The first game of the season took place on Oct. 1, with Syracuse North High School at Rome. The weather was ideal for foot ball, and the game cleanly and fastly played, Rome winning by a score of 5-0. This victory did much to inspire the players that even if they did not have a coach, they could still put out a good team, a fact which was proved later in the season.

#### R. F. A. vs. Camden High School.

The second game was also played at Rome with Camden High School, an organization which did not last long before Rome's speedy team. Rome easily defeated them, the final score being 21-2. After this second victory, Rome began practicing earnestly for the game with Utica, which was to take place on Columbus day.

#### R. F. A. vs. U. F. A.

On Oct. 12 the team journeyed to Utica, with the determination to either win or perish in the attempt, and—well, they didn't perish. The day was clear but rather cold, but after the game was once started no one thought of the temperature. The Utica students, confident of victory, marched up and down the main streets, with their band and banners, with "follow us" printed on them. The banners, and also the "we win" signs had disappeared by night, strange to say. The game was cleanly played, that is by the Romans, and an example of Utica's playing would be just to mention the fact that the captain of the Utica team was put out of the game for slugging, a fact which the Utica newspapers, while commenting on

Rome's fairness and cleverness, failed to mention. The game was cleanly and fairly won in spite of Utica's attempt to make it otherwise. One of Rome's good qualities shown especially in this game is the fact that they start in to do something the second the game begins, oftentimes taking their opponents by surprise, and gaining a score before they wake up. Just exactly four minutes after play began Gloger was over the line, on an end run, for the first touch-down. The second touch-down was made by Barnard in the second quarter, the final score being 12-0, Carroll kicking both goals. A large number of Rome rooters accompanied the team on this trip, and were greatly pleased with the result of the game, judging from the noise they made. The only time that Utica threatened Rome's goal was in the last quarter, when Weaver of Utica picked up the ball on a fumble and ran about 50 yards behind the crowd, which had surged on to the field, and was pulled down by Barnard.

*R. F. A. vs. Syracuse Technical High School.*

After the Utica game there was a gap in Rome's schedule, and this game showed it, for the team from Syracuse Technical High School, which was not as good as some of the teams played earlier in the season, defeated R. F. A. by a score of 5-0.

Syracuse's victory was due to her superior speed and ability in the forward pass. R. F. A. showed evidence of a lack of practice, probably due to the gap in her schedule. Our players were unable to get back into the game with their usual vigor until the later stages of the game, when they came back in a sensational manner. Rome threatened the Syracuse goal three times, once within 1 yard and twice within 5 yards. In all cases Syracuse held at the critical moment.

The game was played with a sharp wind blowing, and during the second quarter a blinding snow storm interfered with the

progress of the game.

*R. F. A. vs. Camden High School at Camden.*

It has been said that it was impossible to defeat Camden on its home grounds, not that the visiting teams do not get a square deal, but for the reason that Camden seems able to play so much better. And this game was no exception to the rule. Camden seemed imbued with a determination to win, and to redeem themselves after their overwhelming defeat at Rome on Oct. 8, and succeeded in doing this by a score of 10-6. Camden's principal ground-gainer, and Rome's worst adversary, was Taylor, full-back, and our team seemed powerless to stop him on his rushes. Taylor made one touch-down and Johnson the other, Taylor failing at both goals. The game was played during a slight drizzle of rain and the day was cold, making it uncomfortable for the spectators.

*R. F. A. vs. East Syracuse High School at Rome.*

After these two defeats, Rome seemed to do better, winning one and tying the other game of the season. The first was with East Syracuse High School, and was a very snappy game. The weather was good, and a good crowd attended. Kingsley, full-back, starred for Syracuse, and White was Rome's best man. The final score was 5-5.

*R. F. A. vs. U. F. A. at Rome.*

The last game of the season was played at Rome, on Thanksgiving day, with Utica, which Rome won by a score of 10-6. The weather was excellent, and a record breaking crowd assembled to see the game. The only marring feature about the game was the fact that the crowd persisted on crowding on to the field in spite of the precautions taken to prevent this, and sometimes hindering the players. The game was nicely played, and again Rome carried Utica off their feet by starting in to play foot ball the second the whistle blew for the opening of the game, and this time it took only five minutes be-

fore Barnard was over the line for the first touch-down on an end run. Utica seemed paralyzed and unable either to stop Rome or to make any gains. A few minutes later Gloger of Rome succeeded in breaking away from the pack and ran about 60 yards for a touch-down. But Utica protested that Carroll, a Rome player, had interfered illegally with a Utica man about to tackle Gloger, and the protest was allowed, the ball being taken back into play, where the play had started from.

In the second quarter R. F. A. succeeded in rushing the ball to the 10-yard line of Utica, and on the next play White was sent over the line for a touch-down. Utica succeeded in making their touch-down on an exceedingly clever forward pass. After they had wormed their way to the 30-yard line they tried a ruse. Drawing the quarter back as if to try a place kick, they forward-passed instead, and the end receiving the ball made the touch-down. No more scores were made on either side, and the game was called in the last quarter on account of darkness, with the score 10-6 in Rome's favor.

The R. F. A. team also defeated two local teams, the Powhattans in a hard fought game, by a score of 5-3, and the All-Rome team by a score of 6-0. Following is a record of the games played, their scores, and the total number of points compared with the total number of points made by the opponents, illustrating what a successful year the team had.

At Rome:	R. F. A.....	5
At Rome:	R. F. A.....	21
At Utica:	R. F. A.....	12
At Rome:	R. F. A.....	0
At Rome:	R. F. A.....	5
At Camden:	R. F. A.....	6
At Rome:	R. F. A.....	10
<hr/>		
Total:	R. F. A.....	59
Syracuse N. H. S.....	0	
Camden High School .....	2	

Utica Free Academy .....	0
Syracuse Tech. High School.....	5
E. Syracuse High School .....	5
Camden High School .....	10
Utica Free Academy .....	6
<hr/>	
Opponents .....	28

#### BASE BALL REVIEW.

The base ball team, although not as successful as the foot ball team, has worked hard, and done well, considering several cases of hard luck. At the beginning of the season, the squad elected Erwin Doyle unanimously captain, but after playing in three games, he was taken with scarlet fever, and has been quarantined since. William Dowd was elected acting captain, while Arthur Roberts has managed the team. He arranged a very good schedule, of eight games, two with Frankfort, two with Camden, two with East Syracuse, one with Utica, and one with the Hamilton Freshmen team.

The team developed two first-class pitchers, McNamara and Krum, both underclassmen, who will be with the team again next year. White and Inman acted as backstops. Wardwell covered the initial sack, Sullivan sometimes substituting, Doyle and Leiderfeind covered second, Carroll or Briggs on third did well, and Murphy occupied short stop. For good men in the fields, there was no lack, Dowd, Roberts, Heilig, Connors and W. Inmann getting everything that came in their territory.

#### *R. F. A. vs. Hamilton Freshmen.*

The first game of the season was played at Rome with the Hamilton Freshmen team, and resulted in the score of 8-7, in favor of the Hamilton Freshmen. The game ran on for 10 innings, the score being tied, 7-7 in the ninth. It was probably the best played game of the season.

#### *R. F. A. vs. Frankfort High School.*

The team next journeyed to Frankfort, and there easily defeated the Frankfort High School by a score of 25-4. The game was

loosely played as the score indicates, and ran only seven innings on account of darkness.

*R. F. A. vs. Camden High School.*

R. F. A. more than met its match when it went to Camden to play Camden High School. The old saying, that Camden can not be beaten on their home grounds, was once more proven, as Rome was defeated by a score of 15-10. The weather was very warm, which perhaps retarded the snap of the game some, as it was a very dull and uninteresting one.

*R. F. A. vs. East Syracuse High School.*

The day after the Junior reception, Rome played the High School team from East Syracuse. The players were awfully sleepy, or anyway, for some reason, they were totally swamped by the Syracuse team, in a farce game, by a score of 17-0. There was a large crowd present, and many left before the game was finished, it grew so uninteresting. The East Syracuse team made as many runs as they wanted to and then quit, for the Rome team might just as well not have been on the field.

*R. F. A. vs. Frankfort High School.*

The next game, with Frankfort High School, at Rome, was an easy victory for Rome as everybody expected it would be. Frankfort played a better game than they did on their home field earlier in the season, when Rome defeated them by a score of 25-4. The result of this game was 19-12, and was of about the same speed as the game at Frankfort, that is, a pretty slow one.

*R. F. A. vs. Camden High School.*

The team redeemed itself in the next game, which was with Camden and which was played at Rome. Rome won by a score of 5-1. It was a clever game, and

well worth the price of admission, and did justice to a team representing the Rome Free Academy. The score ran 2-1, in favor of Rome for five innings, but Rome broke away in the sixth and Camden could not catch up.

*R. F. A. vs. Utica Free Academy.*

As a result of a heavy rain early in the afternoon the game was not called until 4 o'clock and the field was in no condition for fast ball and for this reason there were many errors on the part of both teams. Ritzel did not strike his gait until he got used to the feel of the wet ball and then he handed them over to the tune of 14 strike-outs.

Brophy and Hughes starred with the stick, getting three hits apiece. Bannigan, the first man up in the sixth, lined a hot one down the middle of the diamond which Krum, Rome's pitcher, could neither handle nor avoid. The ball hit him, injuring him so that he had to be removed from the game. In replacing Krum, McNamara steadied the Rome team up considerably, but the rally came too late to prevent defeat.

In the second inning U. F. A. scored three runs on three balls and two bases on balls. In the third the home team sent another man across the sack on a hit, two errors and a wild pitch. Utica scored five runs on five hits, a stolen base, a sacrifice hit, a base on balls and three errors, and two in the sixth inning as the result of a pair of hits, a stolen base, two hits by pitched balls, a base on balls and two wild pitches. In the second and sixth innings U. F. A. had three men left on bases. A special ground rule allowing but one base on hits where the ball landed in the gully back of first base and therefore was impossible to field, saved several scores for both teams. The game resulted in a victory for the Utica team by a score of 11 to 5.

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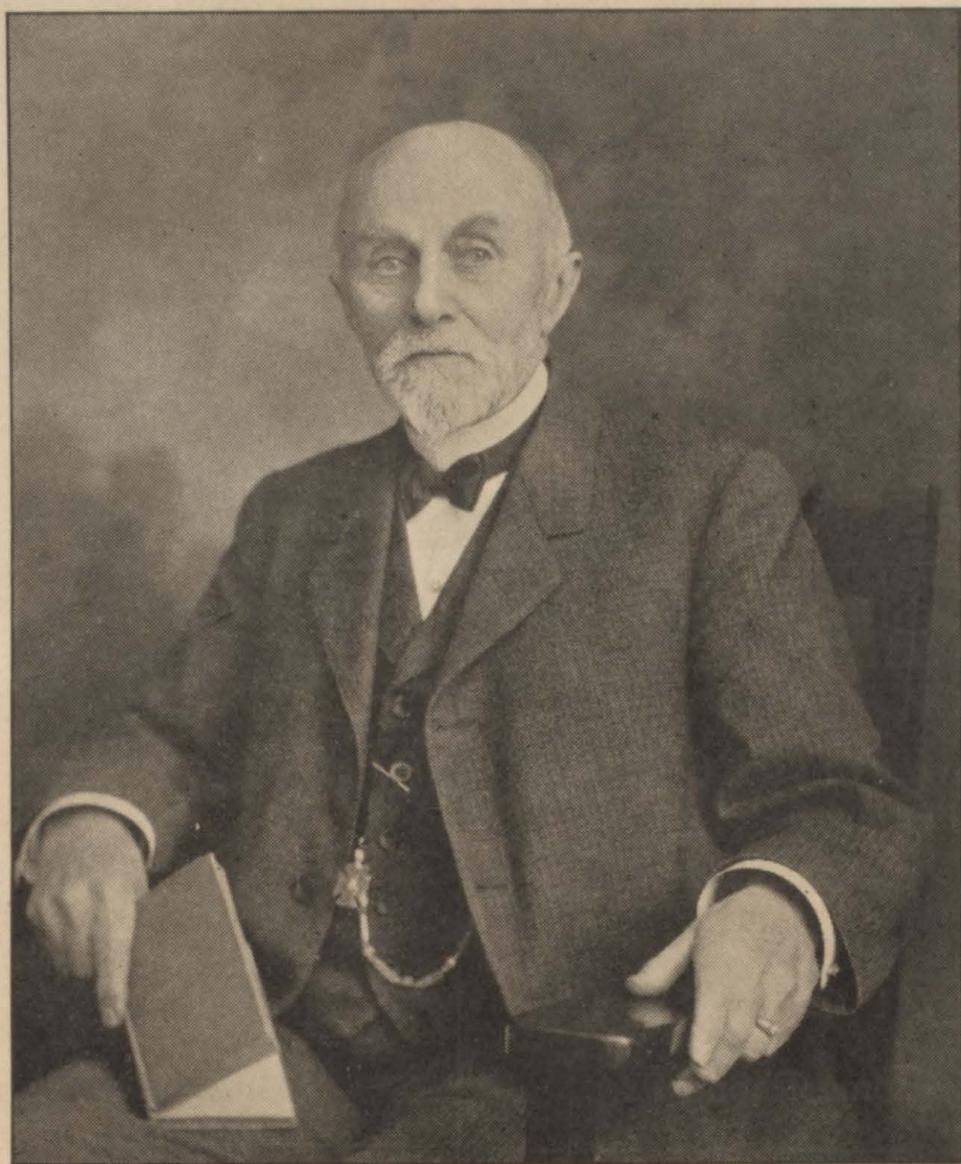
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